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Week of Jan. 11, 1948



Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

Lost Loves

OF THE PRESIDENTS

By D. A. Laird, Ph. D., Sc. D.

"**W**HAT!" the outraged squire exclaimed. "You want to marry my daughter? Young man, you had better order your horse. My daughter, incidentally, has been accustomed to a coach with six horses."

That parental blast turned the suitor's face as red as his hair. It was true that he had few prospects. Sarah Carey, the object of his affections, had many wealthy swains, she rode disconsolately from the Carey's James River estate.

So Sarah Carey did not marry George Washington. She accepted George Fairfax instead. Washington met and won Martha Custis and she became First Lady of the Land.

Since then a number of well-meaning but overly-apprehensive parents have so "protected" their daughters from unpromising suitors that the unhappy maidens have been forced to settle for a little white cottage rather than a big White House.

Major John Warnick, the sheriff of Macon County, Ill., was determined to make a fine match for his daughter, Polly. He didn't think highly of the homely backwoodsman who got his toes frostbitten and stayed around so long thawing them out. Polly was blushing at the newcomer's gallantries. When the first hint of marriage was heard, Major Warnick put his foot down.

"Look at his family—ne'er-do-wells! He's poor and will do no better. Absolutely not!"

Abe Lincoln had to retreat when Polly decided that papa knew best. She married Joseph Stevens, a local farmer. Years later, when the Ken-

tucky belle, Mary Todd, was First Lady of the Land, Joseph Stevens would join the farmers on the courthouse square of a Saturday afternoon.

"Yep," he would say proudly. "Abe may be in the White House but he came out the little end of the horn trying to marry my Polly."

Tragedy followed the refusal of pretty Anne Coleman's father to let her marry James Buchanan, a successful young lawyer of Lancaster, Pa. Anne was already engaged to Buchanan when her father heard gossip that the young lawyer was paying attention to other lovelies.

He forced her to break the engagement. A few weeks later, Anne told her parents that she was going to Philadelphia to attend the opera. Instead, she locked herself in a hotel room and committed suicide.

How true Buchanan's love was may be judged from the fact that he never married, and lived through his term in a lonely White House as the only bachelor president.

Some of our first ladies listened to their hearts rather than parental advice, and so found their judgments vindicated when the men of their choice became President.

Abigail Smith, of Weymouth, Mass., for instance, was only 14 when a short, roly-poly lawyer of 23 showed a decided interest in her. His name was John Adams.

Abigail's father, the Reverend William Smith, disliked lawyers in general and Adams in particular.

But Abigail and John were equally determined that their love should triumph. It did after six long years.

Abigail became second mistress of the White House, and mother of the future president, John Quincy Adams.

Some Heeded Their Parents' Objections, Others Listened to Their Hearts to Become First Ladies of the Land

Darkest-eyed Anna Symmes, 19, looked with favor upon a dashing army officer, Capt. William Henry Harrison, commander at Fort Washington on the Ohio River. Her father, Judge John Cleves Symmes of the Northwest Territorial Supreme Court, didn't like the match.

She could not be dissuaded. On the wedding morning, Judge Symmes walked out and was gone for several days. It was a few weeks later before he met his new son-in-law at a public banquet.

"Well, sir," he challenged Harrison gruffly, "I understand that you have married my daughter."

"Yes, sir."

"How do you expect to support her?" the judge growled and stalked off without waiting for an answer.

Harrison supported Anna and their family which grew to ten children. He became the first governor of the Territory of Indiana. Then he hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe was elected president.

Anna was too ill to attend the inauguration, and one month later William himself died. Anna never actually presided at the White House but she did become the wife of a president.

—and also the grandmother of another one, Benjamin Harrison.

A second judge who had his decision overruled was the father of Julia Dent. When a 22-year-old lieutenant from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., named Ulysses S. Grant, wanted to marry her, Julia's father said:

"What if he was a West Point classmate of your brother? He stood below average in his class. He does not even look like a soldier."

Said her mother: "Wait a bit, until you find a man who is your equal."

Julia waited five years; parental disapproval softened and the long-term sweethearts were married.

Grant proved himself by becoming president at the age of 46.

Warren Harding was struggling to keep a small newspaper going when he fell in love with a young widow, Florence Kling DeWolfe, daughter of the richest man in their Ohio county. Amos Kling frowned on the match.

They married, and time reconciled the chagrined father. Florence and Warren Harding worked together to make their newspaper a success, and she was his most ardent supporter as he rose through political triumphs to his election as president.



"You Want to Marry My Daughter?" Roared Sarah Carey's Father at George Washington. "Young Man, You Had Better Order Your Horse."

Illustrated
by
CHRISTOPHER STORM



**PROCTER & GAMBLE'S
SENSATIONAL SOAP IS
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DUZ does Everything IN THE FAMILY WASH!

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WASH **CLEAN**—EVEN THE
GRIMIEST OVERALLS!

NO SOAP BEATS **DUZ** AT
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PRETTY RAYON UNDIES—THAN
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Ounce for ounce, Duz gives you more real soap suds—faster, longer-lasting suds in your washing machine—than any other leading granulated washday soap! And what clean, sweet-smelling, soapy suds they are! Richer, hard-working suds so you can do more loads of wash with Duz—even in hard water! Fast for dishes, too—yet kind to your hands!

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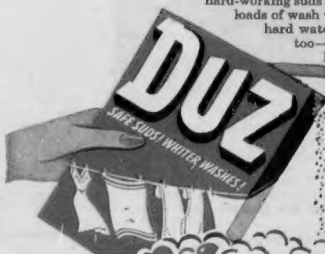
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It's almost unbelievable that one soap can do *everything* in your wash—yet Duz does it! That's because Duz is especially made to do your heavy wash, your white wash and your colored wash fast, clean and safe!

Duz is so tough on dirt it gets the grimmest overalls and dirtiest work shirts *clean*, the dingiest sheets and streakiest towels *white*! Why, no soap in the world beats Duz at getting out dirt! No soap gets white things whiter!

Yet, with *all* its terrific cleaning power, Duz is *safer* for colors—safer for gay wash dresses and pretty rayons—than *any* other leading washday package soap!

It's because of that amazing combination of cleaning power and safety for colors that Duz is still unmatched by any other leading washday soap! So now you can be "choosy" about soaps again, choose Duz! Get a box today—use it for your next big wash!



When the World's Greatest Violinist Took a Bride, He May Have Found Himself Married to His Severest Critic

By Charles Goddard

WILL Yehudi Menuhin's private life follow the pattern of his musical life?

When he was three years old, Mr. and Mrs. Menuhin gave their chubby son a toy fiddle which he tried and threw on the floor.

Then these parents did a strange thing, with even stranger results.

In spite of his discouraging behavior they bought Yehudi a real violin which he accepted.

A year later he accepted cheerfully that bane of childhood, a music teacher, and when only ten years old, was acclaimed a boy prodigy with promise of genius.

Now, at the age of 31, Yehudi Menuhin has kept that promise; also he has been divorced from his first wife, Nola Nicholas, who is three years younger, and married in London Diana Gould, who is three years older. In this switch some see a similarity to the childhood incident of the toy fiddle and the violin.

Nola has stated that the genius asked her to sit in the audience and tell him how people reacted but when she told him he didn't like it and their troubles began. Diana has promised to do the very same thing. Can she get away with it?

The violinist's first love was love at first sight and nobody disputes that it was true love on both sides.

He was playing to his first Australian audience and not quite 21, when his eyes wandered to a box and his fingers almost bobbled a harmonic.

There sat a daintily-pretty 19-year-old girl, beautifully gowned, the daughter of "Nicholas, the Australian patent medicine king."

It seems that for half an hour the girl with music in her heart had watched that sensitive face, bent lovingly over the instrument whose strings poured out his musical soul.

Of course they met and of course they married, though the courtship had to be mostly by long-distance telephone.

As a sort of romantic by-product of this match, Yehudi's gifted sister Hepsibah, who was his accompanist, married Nola's brother, Lindsay Nicholas.

The happiest moment of Nola's life was when the husband she adored asked her to help him. He wanted to know how people liked certain interpretations which he often changed.

A good reporter, untrained in mu-



Diana Gould Menuhin, a Former Actress, Is Learning a New Role as "Mrs. Second Fiddle."

Musical Romances of YEHUDI MENUHIN

sic, and even with no artistic feelings might have done the job acceptably but Nola had music in her heart and some training at her finishing school.

It is said that there came a time when, instead of reporting that the audience seemed to like it better the previous night, she was saying:

"You were not so good, tonight." Later on it even got to be, "No, that was bad."

It sounded to him as if she were presuming to criticize, even to teach. Perhaps he remembered the scornful words of the eminent egotist, George Bernard Shaw, who said:

"He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches."

Yet even genius has to be taught. How is it done? Fortunately we know how Georges Enesco gave this genius the last, deft touches.

Enesco has related that Menuhin,

as he played, watched his teacher who never stopped him or corrected him by word. When the pupil saw, by his teacher's expression that something was off, he stopped.

Then Teacher Enesco would nod and smile approval that the great perfectionist had sensed the flaw himself.

Yehudi resented Nola's attitude and appears to have been master also of the art of sarcasm to a point she described as "mental cruelty" in her uncontested divorce suit.

Yet that true love died hard, leaving as monuments two children, a girl now seven and a boy, six, bright, but with no ambition to be prodigies. They were awarded to the mother.

Love was still strong in 1943, when a guard caught Menuhin digging up with his precious fingers, two tulip bulbs in a London Park.

"I am mortally ashamed," said

the virtuoso, "but I wanted to take back to California something tangible to remind me of this spot, where I proposed to my wife."

The guard happened to be young and newly-wed so he "compounded the sentimental larceny" by saluting and walking away.

Soon after the divorce Nola married Anthony Williams who commanded a Royal Air Force squadron during the past war and 24 hours later, Yehudi wed Diana Gould, daughter of Lady Harcourt and stepdaughter of Vice Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt.

This socialite background is not considered so important, in estimating how long Mr. Menuhin will find harmony in his "second violin" as is her professional experience.

She started her career at 18 when chosen to understudy Lady Diana

Cooper as the Madonna, in "The Miracle." Besides being an actress she is a ballerina who once starred in the Russian Ballet in London.

Though Nola may be fully as much an artist at heart as is the woman who has taken her place, she is only an amateur and there is always saying that the professional can always beat the amateur.

Being an artist to the tips of her fingers and toes, Diana must be full of the artistic temperament, always a handicap in matrimony—but Nola had it too. One may be full of temperament, yet not understand it in others or how to appease the irascible thing when it is threatening.

There the second Mrs. Menuhin should enjoy an advantage from her stage experience, showing the same understanding of temperament as did Menuhin's parents when, instead of scolding him for throwing away the toy fiddle, they bought him a real one.

Diana may, like Georges Enesco, know how to criticize or even teach, with a smile and nod, instead of words, or better yet, just to report what she observes, without comment.

Where Are You, Chum?

By Irmis Johnson

WHERE is Chum? By her silence this shy, titian-haired girl whose real name is unknown has contributed to the heartache of a young man's loyal mother and father; helped postpone the day when his sweetheart will become a bride; and abetted, quite innocently no doubt, the persecutors of this man who once stood accused of a murder he didn't commit.

"Every day of my life I pray God that the girl I was with that fateful night when Ruth McGurk was killed will reveal her identity," declared Charles Russell Goodale, 26-year-old artist whose home is in Onset, Massachusetts. "Every day I pray that the real murderer will be found."

"Why the girl hasn't come forward, I don't know."

Neither does anyone else.

Can it be that she has gone to some hinterland where she has never even heard of the plight of Russ Goodale? Surely this girl, who was known to Russ only as "Chum" and whom he considered "swell company," wouldn't intentionally let an innocent man suffer as he did without a single word in his behalf.

The trouble for the young Navy veteran that has ended in his exile from his home town, Onset, and an incognito existence somewhere in the South, started on the night of July 27, 1946.

On that night Russ went to the Colonial Casino, a dance hall just about 100 yards from his home.

There he saw a pretty redhead dancing with another girl and, as was customary, he cut in though he had never seen the girl before.

After several dances the young couple went for refreshments; going first to a place called Tiny Jim's near Cape Cod Canal, then to another night spot called the King Midas.

"She was shy and wouldn't give me her name," Russ explains, "so I called her Chum. We drove for a while after eating. Then I let her off near the Colonial Casino where her car was parked."

"I never saw her again."

So vanished the alibi that could have helped insure a normal life and realization of his business ambition for Russ Goodale.

Of course, neither she nor anyone else could have suspected at that time that he was going to need an alibi.

Yet, on that same night 25-year-old Ruth McGurk, a pretty counter girl from a Cambridge 10-cent store, visited the Casino with three other girls. During the evening she told her friends that she was going for a ride with a young man she referred to only as Frank.

Ruth never came back, and three days later her body was found floating in a cranberry bog miles away.

An unfortunate chain of circumstances led to young Goodale's arrest for Ruth's murder, although both Russ and his mother insisted from the beginning that he was at home long before the hour when the crime supposedly was committed.

On Memorial Day in 1947, nearly one year later, a jury acquitted Russ of the murder of Ruth McGurk, whom he says he never met in his life.

A Nameless Girl May Be the Clue Which Will Completely Clear the Good Name of Charles Goodale



In Jail Waiting for Trial and Ever Since He Was Freed, the Young Artist Had Prayed That His Mysterious Companion Will Come Forward and Reveal Herself.

and prove that an innocent man can't be broken."

The hitch in keeping that resolve, however, was the fact that many townspeople still seemed to think him guilty.

Driven from his home Russ went into hiding, first with a family friend, then with his uncle. He was ill and completely dispirited.

"The courts have absolved me of every connection with the crime," he'd repeat, "but some people won't let a fellow forget."

Meanwhile, somewhere in Minnesota, a girl was waiting for Russ. This girl still waits to become young Goodale's bride.

"That's impossible for a while, though," he explains. "I don't want her to suffer publicly."

"Only our immediate families and friends know who she is. It must remain that way for the present."

During recent months Russ has been working under an assumed name somewhere in the South where he is an artist for an advertising concern.

"Some day, when I have enough money, I'm coming back to Onset," he says. "And if it takes a lifetime and a hundred fortunes, I'm going to find Ruth McGurk's murderer!"

Thoughts of this one-man manhunt that may take years to accomplish undoubtedly spur the exiled Goodale to work and save for his eventual vindication.

His task could be made much easier, he feels sure, and his homecoming brought much nearer if that pretty, red-haired girl, Chum, would only speak up.

Being an independent young Navy veteran, Russ Goodale hasn't asked anyone to broadcast an appeal for him, but if he did the question he would ask most likely would be:

"Chum, why are you keeping so mum? Why don't you give an innocent fellow a break?"

Freedom for Russ didn't go hand in hand with that acquittal, however. Gangs of cranks and hoodlums paraded in front of his home; people jeered him in the streets; girls refused him dates; and finding a job of any kind was impossible.

He was hunted day and night until the only safe thing seemed to be to run away from the humble little home—a converted filling station—in which he lived with his father and

mother. The parents had sold their \$25,000 house and roadside business to finance the trial that never would have been necessary had not Russ been the victim of a false arrest.

Running away wasn't the thing young Goodale had planned when he walked down the courthouse steps after his acquittal.

"I'm staying in Onset where I was raised," he said then. "I intend to go into the advertising business here

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL



Frank Woolworth Detested Titled Foreigners Seeking Alliances With Rich American Girls —On a Holiday Trip to Switzerland With His Wife and Youngest Daughter Jessie He Expressed Disgust Over Finding the Hotel Overrun With Them.

By John K. Winkler

THE life story of Barbara Hutton, who has spent millions acquiring and relinquishing the titles of Princess and Countess, might have been told in a brief obituary in a country weekly, if the man responsible for her fantastic career hadn't made a mistake.

The man was her grandfather, F. W. Woolworth, the self-made merchant who detested titled fortune hunters. Had he lived, he probably would have been the first to frown on his granddaughter's unquenchable twin desires: to live like a Princess and be addressed as Princess.

And with the frown, he might have added:

"I made another mistake. I left too much money to people who didn't know how to use it properly."

Woolworth's mistake, the one that made him a multimillionaire and Barbara Hutton a Million Dollar Baby, came in his first merchandising venture.

After years of clerking in a dry goods store for \$3.50 a week, he opened his own shop in Utica, N. Y. He tried to emulate peddlers who bought fancy goods cheap and undersold other competitors and stores.

UTICA didn't like the idea and Woolworth failed. At first he blamed the stayaways for being fools and not appreciating values.

"But then," he said later, "I knew everyone in Utica couldn't be a fool. It dawned on me I was at fault. They knew what they wanted and I wasn't giving it to them."

Had people patronized his first store, giving him a comfortable living, it is entirely possible he would have been content, and a billion dollar business wouldn't have been born.

His grandchildren, including Barbara Hutton, might now be settled upstate in New York, instead of roving the world and making headlines.

As it was, Woolworth sat down and took stock of himself and the buying public.

He finally arrived at the decision that the average person would spend more money for a number of articles than for one article that would represent an investment.

He also decided that new manufacturing processes could turn out small articles for half their present cost. With this in mind he and his wife, Jennie, went to Lancaster, Pa., and on skimpy capital opened his first Five-and-Ten-Cent Store.

On June 22, 1879, he reported to his father on a penny postal card.

"Dear Father:

"I opened my store here for trade yesterday and did not advertise any. No one knew there was a five-cent store in this city until Friday night and we managed to sell yesterday in one day \$127.65, which is the most I ever sold in one day. We sold \$80 in the evening alone. I had seven clerks and they had to work, you bet. We could have sold \$200 if the store had been larger. Jennie helped me last night. I think of starting a branch store in Harrisburg, Pa., and putting Sum in it if Moore & Smith can spare him.

F. W. Woolworth,
"170 North Queen St.,
"Lancaster, Pa."

The "Sum" mentioned was his brother, Charles Sumner Woolworth, who died last January at the age of 90.

"Sum" went with him and eventually rose to become No. 2 man in the Woolworth system.

Frank Winfield Woolworth wasn't the founder of the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store, and never claimed to be. But it was his ingenuity and enterprise that made it a national, and then an international, institution.

ONE of his first moves, when the expansion started from Lancaster, was to adopt a uniform color scheme for his store fronts. The color was to be a fire engine red. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. had been using that color for a trade mark but no legal battle followed when Woolworth adopted it.

He also abolished the showcase.

"Put the goods on the counters," he ordered. "Let the customer see them at close range, and handle them. Even encourage him. People are fundamentally honest."

He was right.

There were few losses by theft. Surveys made by his and other firms have shown that losses through theft of openly displayed merchandise average only about two per cent, or less.

But, although he believed in the essential honesty of people, he also believed his clerks should be alert and watchful.

Once, to emphasize this point, he made a tour of one of his stores incognito.

STROLLING from section to section, he filled his pockets with doll dresses, baby ribbon, cakes of soap, rubber balls, stickpins, bow ties and even a claw hammer.

On his way out he stopped at the manager's

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MILLION-DOLLAR

Baby



Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

desk, introduced himself, and dumped his loot on the desk.

"It is true people are essentially honest," Woolworth said. "So let's not encourage them to become dishonest. Tell your clerks to be more watchful."

He worked hard and demanded the same from his employees. His newly appointed managers had to sign contracts which contained this clause:

"I agree during the term of this contract not to be interested in any other store or any other business, directly or indirectly; that I will occupy my time to the company's best advantage during business hours. And I agree not to speculate in stocks, grain or securities or enter into any game of chance."

HE WAS given to making little "sermons," as his employees called them. One of these, dated August 26, 1897, read:

"About 12 years ago I had a little experience of speculating in stocks myself, although I have never been guilty of buying stocks on the margin."

"I was running the little store in Lancaster, Pa., and I had some spare money I wanted to invest."

"So I commenced by buying a few railroad stocks and before I was aware of it, I was paying much more attention to the quotations in the Stock Market than I was to running the store and in three months I was losing my trade."

"And I decided then and there to let stocks alone and attend to business."

"NOW, if any managers have spare money they would like to invest, I advise them to put it into bonds or mortgages or something that does not fluctuate very much."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

His son-in-law, James Paul Donahue, turned out to be an inveterate gambler, reportedly lost \$7,500,000 of the Woolworth millions, and killed himself.

Probably more than any other individual, Woolworth revolutionized the equipment of the American home with his never-ending sale of "gadgets." In the process, he was piling up a fortune the size of which would have made him gasp a few years earlier.

When it dawned upon him finally that he was one of the wealthiest men in the country, with an income of \$2,000,000 a year, he took stock of himself again, as he had done in Utica when his first store failed.

He recalled that he worked three months for nothing as an apprentice in a dry goods store before the owner decided he was worth \$3.50 a week.

HE RECALLED that he had never owned or worn a white shirt and collar until he was 21. He decided to make amends to himself.

Thus came into being the mansion at Fifth avenue and 80th street. It had 30 rooms, including a music room that, equipped with a great organ and lighting effects, cost \$250,000.

Then followed "the little place in the country." It was called Winfield Hall, after his middle name, and was an 18-acre estate at Glen Cove, overlooking Long Island Sound. He had the master house constructed of white marble.

He decided to erect the tallest and most pretentious skyscraper in the world.

The Woolworth building, in its construction and ownership, was unique in several respects.

Business friends, when they heard of the plans, offered to buy stock in the new skyscraper but

Woolworth said no: he was going to be sole owner and it was to be a one-man enterprise.

It cost \$13,500,000 to erect and contractors gasped when he insisted on paying for each item as it arrived and was installed—in cash!

By this time, he had developed a Napoleonic complex. His private office was modeled upon Napoleon's famous Empire room at Compiègne, but was furnished and decorated far more elaborately and the Little Corporal probably would have felt like an office boy, ill at ease, within its confines.

FOR his Fifth avenue mansion he selected a bathroom that was a replica of one designed for Bonaparte, even to the fixtures cut from solid blocks of Sienna marble.

As his financial self grew in power and stature, F. W. Woolworth's physical self was deteriorating.

His friends urged him to take up golf, or any form of exercise, and get away from his desk now and then, but Woolworth scoffed:

"I can hire someone to take my exercise for me. My one relaxation is music, which I can enjoy sitting down."

He developed a fancy for rich foods, which he had never known in his youth. At any hour of the day or night he would order lobster or *pate de fois gras* or caviar. Always with over-ripe bananas, another food he was deprived of when he was poor.

He scorned suggestions that he visit a dentist. Consequently, chronic toxic condition set in.

As his health declined he became obstinate and suspicious.

HE STUBBORNLY refused to change his will, drawn back in 1889, and naming Mrs. Jennie Creighton Woolworth, a seamstress when he married her in 1876, the sole beneficiary. This despite the fact that she had lost her mind and Woolworth had been forced to have her declared legally incompetent.

Had he consented, and changed the will, the American people who had built his fortune might have benefited—and tragedies might have been averted.

As it was, Woolworth, with the approach of spring in 1919, had no intention of leaving all of his millions to members of his family. He discussed several projects with friends. One was the establishment of a national foundation of music, where the poor could study.

Another project, selfishly enough, was to be the construction of a city mansion for himself covering an entire block. He felt "cramped" in the 30-room edifice on Fifth avenue. On various occasions, he intimated that he probably would change his will, but he never did.

In March, 1919, he took to his bed, the one with the golden tester, never to arise again.

With his death in April, one of the world's greatest fortunes passed into the possession of three persons—two young women and a child of six—Barbara Hutton.

(Continued Next Week)



International

Prince Alexis Mdivani, Barbara's First Husband, Who Died in an Automobile Accident in Spain After They Were Divorced.

M-m-m! No need for a dinner bell!



AND THIS SAVORY SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD DINNER *fixes fast!*

Young and old pull up their chairs in a hurry when they sniff SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD in the air. Even the spindliest appetite turns into that rugged "he-man" variety. For every bite of this favorite sausage lives up to its tempting aroma.

The secret? A perfect seasoning blend that's not too spicy, not too mild. It's the zesty yet delicate flavor that millions find to be "just-right".

This grand-tasting sausage is nourishing eating, too. Made fresh daily in our kitchens from coast to coast, its pure pork goodness is rich in high-quality proteins and Vitamin B. And whether you want this economical energy-builder in links or bulk, you'll find it in the package with the red plaid ends.

SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE AND LIMA BEANS. Bake Swift's Brookfield Sausage in a hot oven (400°F.) about 30 min., in an open pan. To make casserole: pan-brown 1 tbsp. minced onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. minced green pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. minced celery in 1 tbsp. fat. Combine with 4 c. cooked lima beans, 2 tsp. salt and 1 c. cooked tomatoes. Bake in same oven as sausages about 40 min. starting 10 min. before sausages. Top casserole with cooked sausages and hard cooked egg yolks and whites which have been forced through a sieve.



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a flavorful favorite for luncheons or suppers.

And **SWIFT'S PREMIUM**
tender FRANKS

sealed in the new cellophane wrap-
per to protect their goodness.



The sausage with the
Just-right  *Seasoning!*

**If You're in the Same Pickle as Mrs. Sahlin,
Then You'll Especially Want to Read About
Those Who Were No Trouble at All.**

By Booton Herndon

WHEN a woman in Collingswood, N. J., planned the arrangements of her house so that her bedroom was between her son's and that of his wife, it not only led to separate maintenance for the daughter-in-law but also started another epidemic of mother-in-law jokes.

Completely overlooked, as usual, was the fact that there are and have been mothers-in-law who are inspirations to their children, in-laws or not.

But mothers-in-law who are loved and respected by the spouses of their children seldom get the publicity of the Sahlin family of Collingswood.

Mrs. Julia A. Sahlin won \$40 a week separate maintenance from her husband George in Camden Chancery Court, on the grounds that her mother-in-law, Mrs. Niles Sahlin, arranged things so the husband occupied a front bedroom, the wife a rear bedroom, with mother-in-law between.

It seemed that radio tubes disappeared whenever she wanted to hear a favorite program, Julia said. Furthermore, she charged, her mother-in-law called the children gluttons.

She really wasn't a match for her husband and his mother, the 39-year-old mother of two children added, because she didn't get as much to eat as they did.

She couldn't open the icebox door without her mother-in-law's approval—and while her husband and his mother ate steaks and chops, the wife and youngsters ate pea-soup, fruit juices, and hamburger.



Got a MOTHER-IN-LAW Problem?

That's how, Julia concluded, a marriage which had been happy for 13 years was broken up when they went to live with mama.

George suggested that maybe she was blaming his mother for too much, but the Advisory Master who heard the case, William R. J. Burton, granted the separate maintenance. Mrs. Sahlin took the children and went to live with her sister.

Because kindness and consideration hardly comprise grounds to be haled into court, the records rarely show the other side of the case.

Yet in Riverside, Ill., during the depression, a mother-in-law was actually brought before a judge on a charge growing out of her desire to give her daughters and their husbands privacy.

Mrs. Ellen M. Reagan had a 22-room house, and three married daughters. Mrs. Reagan was glad that she could have them all with her, but she wanted to make sure they'd have a home of their own at the same time.

So, in what later turned out to be violation of the zoning regulations, she called in the carpenters and had three separate apartments built.

Summoned into court to answer the charges, Mrs. Reagan told the judge exactly what she had done and why. The case was dismissed.

Another mother-in-law furnished a home for her daughter's husband, but he didn't bring his wife along.

It happened in San Francisco, where Andrew McCarthy was apparently happily married to the former Dorothy Spreckels. Trouble started, however, when the surrealist artist, Salvador Dali, painted a huge portrait of Dorothy riding on a dolphin.

Andrew did not like it and left. He did not go to a hotel, or a club, or the home of his own mother. He went straight to the home of Dorothy's mother, the former Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels, who had married a cowboy named Elmer Aul following her first husband's death. Mrs. Aul greeted her son-in-law with open arms, and he moved right in.

Several years ago Gene Howe, a columnist and publisher in Amarillo, Tex., used to fill up his column some days with mother-in-law jokes. One day he went a little too far, and came home to find his own mother-in-law, Mrs. W. F. Donald, in tears.

Howe not only apologized in print, but started a mother-in-law club and a national day of observance for mothers-in-law on March 5. One year 5,000 mothers-in-law attended the celebration in Amarillo, and the governor came all the way from Austin, bringing with him, of course, his mother-in-law.

A story of the early 1700s gives quite a bit of credit to a mother-in-law. According to the legend, Thomas Fleet and his wife, the former Elizabeth Goose, invited Mrs. Goose to move in with them. The old lady repaid them, she thought, by making up rhymes to sing to the children.

The old lady's harsh, sing-song voice nearly made a wreck out of Fleet, and the neighbors all around complained, but the kids seemed to like the rhymes, so he put up with it. Fleet wrote down his mother-in-law's verses and published them as a book.

The book made a fortune for him. That's how, the story goes, the Mother Goose rhymes got started. An English clergyman recently announced his intention of starting a school for mothers-in-law. "Women should have a course of training if they are to live together as in-laws," the Rev. Joseph McCullough of Chatham said. "Otherwise they should live 500 miles apart."

Not to contradict her countryman, but just to keep the record straight, it might be fair here to repeat what a British war bride said on meeting her in-laws, Welcomed to her new Brooklyn home by the parents of Corporal W. R. Sessler, her husband, Elizabeth Sessler said:

The Young Wife Was Deeply Hurt When Her Mother-in-Law Took the Middle Bedroom, Thereby Separating Her From Her Husband.

"They like me—and I think they're grand!"

Another war bride, not only unable to speak her in-laws' language, but even of another race, came into a situation that looked impossible from the start.

Now Mrs. Frank H. Rathbone, Jr., of Jamaica, N. Y., she was formerly Miss Wu Shih-San of Chungking, China. Because of some earlier differences with his son, her father-in-law forbade them both the house.

That didn't last long. The Senior Rathbone quickly relented and threw wide the door to the son returning from the wars, and Mrs. Rathbone met them with a big hug.

Mrs. Rathbone, Sr., promptly set about helping her daughter-in-law with her English lessons, and when a third generation Rathbone arrived, everything was just fine.

So, despite a few set-backs like the Sahlin incident, the case for the mother-in-law is not a hopeless one. After all, no one believes now, as the Navajo Indians used to maintain, that if a husband sees his mother-in-law he'll go blind.

Mothers-in-law have made that much progress in the last few centuries, anyway.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 9

SECRETS of the UNIVERSE



By G. B. Lal

NEW evidence from the heavens may soon come to convince man more than ever before that he is not a lonesome sojourner, but has living, intelligent companions throughout the universe.

It is now believed that such evidence will be collected and interpreted with the aid of the mightiest telescope ever made, the 200-inch reflector of the Mt. Palomar Observatory in San Diego County, Calif.

Using the 100-inch mirror telescope of the Mt. Wilson Observatory at Pasadena, astronomers already have learned that within this instrument's observational range there are about 100,000,000 galaxies, including our own, the Milky Way.

In each galaxy there are many billions of stars. The Milky Way, it is estimated, has 150 billion stars, one of them being our sun. But the Palomar telescope will reach out into a ten times larger volume of space, containing some one billion galaxies. Illuminated by myriads of stars, some authorities believe, must be legions of planets having life.

The question of whether there is life on Mars may be settled once and for all by the Palomar observations. The late Dr. Percival Lowell, 30 odd years ago, startled the world by reporting that he had observed artificial "canals" on Mars.

He believed that although the planet was arid, there was a race of amazingly intelligent, skillful Martians, whose engineers had constructed a system of irrigation to maintain their fields, gardens and forests, mighty cities and states.

While most astronomers have

The New Giant Telescope on Mt. Palomar Will Help Man Increase His Understanding of Nature's Wonders and Heighten His Spiritual Stature as Other Worlds Are Brought Closer to Him.

gravely doubted the existence of the "canals" or any other signs of civilization, they generally concede that some vegetation and lower forms of life may flourish on Mars. From time to time new clues are discovered.

Recently, Dr. G. P. Kuiper, University of Chicago astronomer, has detected carbon dioxide gas in the atmosphere surrounding Mars. This gas, which we breathe out, consists of carbon and oxygen, both of which are among the most essential chemicals of which all known living organisms are composed.

Even if we have no neighbors, more or less like ourselves, on Mars, Venus or any other planet in our solar system, there are perhaps myriads of worlds in far distant solar systems sustaining living beings who may be much more intelligent than mankind. This opinion of most of the great astronomers is based upon the recent discoveries of stellar galaxies which run into millions.

Sir James Jeans, British astronomer who died a few months ago, calculated that if only one star in 500 million has planets surrounding it, there must be at least two-million-million planetary systems, with worlds bearing life. There are about as many stars, he said, as there are grains of sand in the Sahara.

But the number of the worlds capable of developing and maintaining all sorts of life may be unbeliev-

ably greater than Jeans estimated. This is one of the outstanding problems which is expected to be solved by the aid of the 200-inch telescope.

Dr. Edwin P. Hubble, famed Mt. Wilson Observatory astronomer, who will also be the director and leader of Palomar's observational projects, says that the new telescope will enable us to choose between two possible pictures of the universe, so far presented by scientific cosmology.

On the one hand, the universe may be small and young and "closed," somewhat like a sphere. Its age may be less than 1,000,000,000 years. It may have 400,000,000 stellar galaxies. Also, these galaxies are running away from one another, getting farther away from us in all directions.

The other possibility is that the universe goes on and on, infinitely, with never ending galaxies. It is very old (more than 3,000,000,000 years old), and stationary. If that is the condition of the universe, the number of planetary systems, teeming with worlds carrying living beings of all sorts, must be infinite.

The Palomar telescope will receive light rays which have been traveling for one billion to two billion years, at the rate of six-million-million miles each year. These rays originate in the excitement of the same kind of atoms as the earth and near-by cele-

stial bodies are made of, atoms whose energy keeps the stars blazing, as our sun blazes.

By learning all they can about these light rays, scientists are assisted in the formulation of new laws of nature, and the new application of the old laws. The cosmos is too vast and complex, however, to be adequately explored by any one telescope. So other giant telescopes are being planned in California.

Most important of all new projects is that of the 120-inch mirror telescope for the University of California, for which the state legislature has already sanctioned \$1,800,000. It was the late Dr. W. W. Campbell, astronomer and president of the university, who first launched the project of a mighty telescope for the already famous Lick Observatory.

According to Dr. C. Donald Shane, director of Lick, the 120-inch reflector should be ready in five years. Then the Three Telescope Sisters—the 200-inch of Palomar, the 100-inch of Mt. Wilson and the 120-inch of Lick Observatory—will be closely coordinated in exploring celestial secrets.

Every great age of astronomical discovery has advanced civilization. Galileo and Newton, by their celestial studies, laid the foundation of machine industries and modern navigation. Helium was first discovered in the sun. And scientists are now learning more about the production of atomic energy through their study of the stars.

Additional knowledge about the stars not only increases man's power but also gives him a better understanding of natural laws, and in that way should contribute to a further development of his spiritual qualities.

Illustrated by A. LEYDENFROST

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

New peach delights are yours!

says Ann Pillsbury

VERY, VERY LUSCIOUS!

For all its peach-and-cream goodness, you'll find this picture-book cake as easy on the cook as it is on the eye! Credit Ann Pillsbury the great Credit Ann Pillsbury with another unusual treat! And for best results, try it with the *Pillsbury's BEST* recipe:

ANN PILLSBURY'S BOSTON

Bake at 325° F. for 35 to 40 minutes.

Sift
together...**1 cup sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder (or $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon single-acting)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Combine ... 3 egg yolks
1 cup water
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla and beat thoroughly with rotary beater.

Mix gradually...**1 cup sugar**, beating well after each addition.
Blend...**2 tablespoons lemon juice**
Blend...**2 tablespoons milk** into egg mixture gradually, stirring continuously until smooth.

PILLSBURY'S BEST for modern baking This fine flour is milled from choicest wheat and it gives everything you bake a rich, yet delicate crispness—just what you need when you try this flavor. You'll see when you try this alluring recipe:

PEACH-CREAM DESSERT

Make two 6 inch layers.
Beat...**8 eggs whites** until stiff but not dry and fold into batter.
Pour...into two, greased, 9-inch layer cake pans, lined with waxed paper.
Bake...at 325° F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool and fill with Cream Filling.

Cream Filling Beat 1 cup milk and add 2 tablespoons butter. Scalding is cup Pillsbury's flour. Sifted. Beat to thick cream and add 1 cup sugar. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 1 cup cold milk to dry ingredients and stir until smooth. Then add hot milk in small amounts, stirring constantly until thick. Blend in 2 slightly beaten egg whites with a little of the hot mixture. Heat about 10 minutes. Cool. Add acidulated cream and spread filling between layers. Top with whipped cream between layers. Try with whipped cream and additional peach slices.

For all its peaches-and-cream goodness, you'll find this picture-book cake is as easy on the cook as it is on the eye! Credit Ann Pillsbury with another unusual ideal. And for results, try it with the *Justen*

Ann F. Ellsberry's BOSTON
Bake at 325° F. for 35 to 40 minutes.

Sift together... 1 cup sifted Pillsbury
Best Enriched Flour
1 teaspoon double-actin
baking powder (or 1
teaspoons single-actin
1½ teaspoon salt

Combine . . . 3 egg yolks
1/2 cup water
1 teaspoon grated lemon
rind
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
beat thoroughly with
rotary beater.

gradually . . . 1 cup sugar, beating
after each addition
Add 2 tablespoons lemon
Blend dry ingredients into
mixture gradually
ring thoroughly.

Pillsbury's Best for modern baking. This fine flour is milled from choicest wheats, and it gives everything you bake a rich, yet delicate ripe-wheat flavor. You'll see when you try this delicious recipe:

Make two 8 inch layers.

Beat 2 egg whites until stiff
but not dry and fold
into batter.

Pour into two, greased, 8-
inch layer cake pans
lined with waxed paper

Bake at 325° F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool and fill with Cream Filling.

Cream Filling Heat 1 cup milk and add tablespoons butter. Combine 1/2 cup Pillsbury's flour, 1/2 cup sugar. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon soda. Add 1 cup cold milk, then add to hot milk until smooth. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Slightly beat egg yolk. Blend in 1/2 cup milk. Add the hot mixture to the egg yolk. Cook about 2 minutes. Cool. Add 1/2 cup vanilla and spread filling between layers. Top with whipped cream and sliced peach slices.

1. non sayo

You don't knead the dough—you
up to half your baking time! Yet try
and match the delicate, wheaty-
goodness of the dinner rolls, the de-

Ann Pillsbury's

Combine. . . 1/2 cup scalded milk
2 tablespoons shortening
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
to lukewarm.

Cool 1 cake compressed yeast
Add 1 or 1 package fast, dry
granular yeast; mix
well.

Blend in . . . 1 egg
 3/4 cup cooked, mashed
 potatoes
 Add 2 cups sifted Pillsbury
 Best Enriched Flour;

until dough is
blended and soft. F
in greased bowl
cover.
dough in refrigerator

Store dough in

licious breads and coffee rings, this new-day flour gives you! These rolls, for instance, are perfect with peach salad:

NEAD SAND CREST
Makes 2 dozen crescents

cold place at least two
hours or until needed
chilled dough int.

Divide thirds.
Roll out each third into circles
about $\frac{1}{8}$ -in.

thick. Brush generous
with melted butter and
cut each round into
wedge-shaped pieces.

Roll..... each weighed
with wide end and r
ing to point Place
greased baking wh
point-side down.
— place (80

Let rise in warm place (85° F.) until 1½ hours.
Bake at 375° F. for 15 minutes.

1.125 4

... tender and

Tarts were never more
flavorful than these, made with
Pillsbury's Best from this tasty new
recipe. Remember, Pillsbury's Best

Bake at 450° F. for 10 minutes.

Sift together . . . 2 cups sifted Pillsbury's
Best Enriched Flour
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup shortening unt.

Add . . 5 to 6 tablespoons cold water
until dough holds together.

Divide into 8 equal parts.
Roll out to about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thickness and fit into individual pie tins.

Trim.....pastry 1 inch
rim of pan. Fold
form rim; flute
Prick with fork.
in hot oven (450°

for 10 minutes.

adds Sunday-best glory to your everyday baking. too. No wonder it's gaining popularity faster than ever! Wait till you taste this treat.

Model 6100

BEACH BILTING

Combine . . 1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup peach syrup.

Cook thick, stirring constantly. Remove from

Add 2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
 1/2 cup butter

Blend in sliced Cal. cling peaches
(one #2 1/2 can), drained
baked tart shells, c

and surge.



Pillsbury's

You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best



FORGOTTEN CHILDREN

The Distinguished Head of the FBI
Advises That the Cure for Juvenile
Delinquency Lies in the Homes of
the Nation

By J. Edgar Hoover

Director of the Federal Bureau of
Investigation, U. S. Dept. of Justice

JUST how much can we blame the
actions of a 17-year-old boy whose
father gives him a sharp pocket-
knife with the admonition to "cut the
guts out of anyone who bothers you?"

Shall we blame the boy entirely
when sometime later he is picked up
and charged with murdering a man?

That was the question confronting
a judge when a 17-year-old and his
15-year-old bride were before him.

The couple had been hitch-hiking
from a western city when they fell
in with three others. The five began
concocting schemes to raise money.
The entire group was in a car when
the 17-year-old instructed his bride to
play up to the driver. The latter fell
for the scheme and when he started
with the girl into a tract of woods
the husband shot him in the back.

The judge sentenced the boy to a
correctional institution.

The fact that every
six minutes of the day
and night brings a
crime of murder, man
slaughter, or assault
is a reproach to the
thousands upon thou-
sands of decent Amer-
icans who subject their
conduct to the com-
mon weal because
they are imbued with
the necessity of living
in peace.

What reason pro-
pels some to make
crime their occupa-
tion? What perverted
urge leads them to de-
stroy instead of build?
These questions were
recently put to me by
Guidedposts Associates
Inc., a non-profit or-
ganization which is
seeking to improve the
moral and religious life of America.
This article is based on information
collected for that worthy organization.

In seeking the answers to the
questions, I sifted and analyzed my
own experiences with crime in the
past 23 years.

My answers, I believe, lie for the
most part in the homes of the nation.
Many of the cases coming to my at-
tention reveal the disturbing fact that
parents are forgetting their God-
given obligations to their children.

It may come as a shock to parents
to hear that at the end of the recent
year age 17 led all other age groups
in arrests for serious crimes.

A general moral decadence in the
United States is emphasized by the
arrest in 1946 of 108,787 young
people under 21 years for crimes
serious enough to warrant finger-
printing. The brutal truth is that
youngsters under 21 were responsible
for 51 per cent of all auto thefts in
1946, 41 per cent of the burglaries, 28
per cent of the robberies, 27 per cent
of the thefts, 26 per cent of the
criminal assaults and 18 per cent of
the arsons.

This is a callous and shameful
picture. It signifies corruption and
reflects an utter disregard of human
rights and human decency.

Such disregard for others was ex-
hibited by three boys, all sixth and
seventh graders, who dragged a heavy
log across a railroad track with the
deliberate intention of causing a
wreck. Provisionally, track work-
men discovered the timber in time
and a wreck was averted.

Why were these youngsters seek-
ing a thrill which probably would in-
volve the death of many persons?

Because there was no training in their
homes which would draw their atten-
tion to the greatest satisfaction of
all, doing good for others.

The home built upon firm Chris-
tian principles is a fortress against
evil. Those who live within are
crusaders for decency—disciples of
democracy. A godless home is built
upon sand. Buffeted by the tides of
envy, avarice, greed and sloth, the
structure weakens and finally crum-
bles. Decay seeps into the physical
and moral structure and crime finds
an inviting breeding ground.

There is the case of the boy who
night after night saw his foster
parents frequent cheap dives and beer
taverns. This boy was 15. His real
father had deserted his mother and
he and his sister had been sent out
for adoption. Although his intelli-
gence was above average, he was dis-
interested in cooperation and unstable
emotionally.

Illustrated By LARRY BRINKMAN



Night After Night the Boy Was Left
Sad and Lonely When His Foster
Parents Frequented Cheap Dives.

On a previous occasion, his foster
mother had come in late in an in-
toxicated condition and berated him
for staying out late. Then one morn-
ing after he had gotten in late the
night before she scolded him as she
fixed his breakfast. Then she went
back to bed.

The boy looked at her sleeping
form, got a .22 caliber rifle, and shot
her. He was arrested in a distant
state and received a long sentence.

Parents must awaken to the rea-
lization that the family is the first
great training school in behavior or
misbehavior. Children develop a
sense of right and wrong—they are
not born with it.

The home becomes for them their
first classroom and their parents
must serve as their first teachers.

I recall one case where four boys,
aged 16 and 17, banded together and
perpetrated a series of housebreak-
ings and thefts. Three of the boys
were victims of broken homes.
Parental control was lacking in the
life of the fourth boy. The mother
of one of the youngsters had been
involved with another man in the
absence of her husband. Her son
knew this and definitely resented the
delinquency of his mother.

Our nation is sadly in need of a
rebirth of the simple life—a return
to the days when God was a part of

each household, when families arose
in the morning with a prayer on their
lips and ended the day by placing
themselves in His care. We should
revive the beautiful practice of offer-
ing thanks at meals and bring back
to the family circle the moments
when father or mother unfolded the
lessons of the Bible to eager young
listeners.

Today, more than ever before, the
teachings of the Bible are needed.
This, the greatest book ever written,
and its plain and simple lessons of
charity, love, brotherhood, sacrifice,
patience and forgiveness will bring
God back into our thoughts and ac-
tions once again.

Lesson number one comes from
the Book of Proverbs which tells us:
"Righteousness exalteth a nation;
but sin is a reproach to any people."

The foundation of our democracy
was built upon a firm faith in the
Almighty. As our nation grew and
prospered, as it overcame vicissitudes
and adversities, its people never lost
faith in a personal God. Our genera-
tion, it seems, has allowed old, faith-
ful religious practices to slip into
oblivion. As a result, the nation has
suffered and its children have be-
come spiritually starved.

Let us return to the faith of our
fathers and reap once again the
harvest of God's blessings.

Look for the navel to get 3 extras

RICHER FLAVOR

The *navel* is your shopping guide to the finer orange that grows only in the sheltered valleys of California and Arizona. The brighter color you see in this finer winter orange means richer flavor. You enjoy *extra* delicious juice and eating!

MORE VITAMINS

California *navel* orange juice gives you more vitamins C and A, more calcium per glass. Also supplies other minerals and B vitamins. This *extra* health per glass comes from a rare combination of fertile soil, sparkling mountain water, sunny days and cool nights.

NO SEEDS

The *navel* means it's truly seedless. Easy to peel, slice and section. So you can use navel oranges in *extra* ways—for juice, lunch boxes, recipes and between-meal snacks. Those stamped Sunkist are the finest fruit from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona citrus growers.



CALIFORNIA
NAVEL ORANGES

Sunkist

BEST FOR JUICE—and *Every* use!

Elizabeth Stanton's

From a Little Girl's Impulse
Grew a Document That Is
Today Enshrined on the
Freedom Train

If old Flora Campbell saw an inquisitive little girl of 10 snuggled in a big armchair as she walked into Judge Daniel Cady's library, she paid no attention, for she had disturbing things on her mind.

Flora's husband had mortgaged the farm her father had left her without her consent. Now the creditors were taking over, leaving her and the children paupers.

"Us women ought to have some rights, Judge," Flora argued as she set down her egg basket.

The child in the armchair clenched her small fists when her father—the man she respected and adored—said, after consulting his law books, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Campbell. There is nothing I can do."

The time was 1825. The place was Johnston, N. Y. And the little girl in the big armchair, Elizabeth Cady Stanton—whispered to herself:

"I'll cut all those wicked laws against women out of my father's books and burn them tonight."

Out of that impulse grew a life-long fight for women's rights. That struggle is commemorated in an historical document, on the Freedom Train, now making a nation-wide tour to impress on all Americans the importance of appreciating and preserving their personal liberties. The document is a petition to Congress in 1873, asking for legislation to protect women in their right to vote—a goal never reached during Elizabeth Cady's lifetime.

Climbing up on a ladder when the library was deserted young Elizabeth tugged weighty tomes from her father's shelves and got ready for the bonfire that she hoped would save her sex from domination by men. The Judge caught her and patiently explained that there were hundreds of lawyers and law books in the country. She couldn't destroy them all.

Elizabeth fell secretly in love with Edward Bayard, the fiancé of her older sister Tryphena, while still in her teens.

Bayard, a law student 10 years older than Elizabeth, never gave more than a passing thought to "the kid." He and Tryphena were married.

Later Edward saw that the little girl grown up was desirable and, working along the battery in New York one night, he told her he loved her. He begged her to board a ship with him and sail away for a life of romance and adventure.

Elizabeth said "No," and went away from the Bayard home.

Not long after this she met Henry

H. Stanton, a fine-looking young man and a fiery abolitionist. Here was a man who championed the rights of others. Elizabeth became a convert to anti-slavery and, within a short time, the bride of Henry Stanton—but insisted that the word "Obey" be omitted from her marriage vows.

They went to England for their honeymoon and while abroad attended

an anti-slavery convention in London.

Elizabeth was not a delegate to the convention, but she and the few women who had been sent as delegates were forced to sit behind a rail and a heavy curtain so the men, who denounced their presence as "plain opposition to the teaching of the word of God," could not see them.

This piece of high-handed and hypocritical injustice angered Elizabeth and she began laying plans for a convention on women's rights which she returned to the United States.

In 1848, she and four other happily married women met secretly in Seneca Falls and decided to hold the first woman's convention the next week. They prepared a Declaration of Sentiments, based on the style and content of the Declaration of Independence, which listed 13 grievances permitted by laws unfair to women.

Elizabeth insisted on including a resolution which read: "It is the duty of women to secure for themselves the sacred right to the franchise."

This statement was so revolutionary a century ago that it frightened women at the convention, and Elizabeth's liberal-minded husband threatened to leave town if she made it.

But she presented the resolution and eloquently argued it to passage by the convention. American women who didn't win the right to vote until 72 years later—owe Elizabeth Stanton more than they realize every time they cast a ballot.

For 54 of those 72 years she put up a militant fight to prove that women are people, too. She went all over the country making speeches. She edited a newspaper called "The Revolution." She addressed legislatures. She was ridiculed for trying to vote and run for public office.

But even her worst enemies had to admit that she was no frustrated



"I'll Cut All Those Wicked Laws Against Women Out of My Father's Books," Was Elizabeth's Solution for Discrimination Against Her Sex.

disgruntled suffragist who neglected her home for the soap box. She had a long and happily married life, bore seven fine children and fulfilled her role as a homemaker.

When she died in 1902, she was surrounded by her seven children who had gathered to honor her on her impending 87th birthday.

The victory that pleased Elizabeth Cady Stanton most was won in 1854 over her own father. She read him a plea for women's rights that she was going to deliver before the New York State Legislature the next day.

He begged her not to make the speech and "shame me in my old age." She refused and he threatened to disinherit her. He demanded to know where a happily married woman got such belligerent and radical ideas and she replied, "Right here in this house, listening as a child, to the complaints women made to you."

The old man read her speech again. Then he began pulling law books from his shelves.

"I think," he said, "that I can find a few more cruel laws than those you've quoted." Some of these were written into Elizabeth's speech and when the old man and his daughter parted at one o'clock in the morning, he smiled and kissed her.

American Weekly Photograph, Posed by Professional Model.

BUSBOYS Who Made Good

Every Busboy Dreams of the Day When He Can Emerge From Behind the Dirty Dishes to Become a Full-Fledged Restaurant Host Greeting Wealthy Customers—but It Takes More Than Dreams



THE headwaiter, resplendent in evening dress, directs the guests to their table. The captain of waiters comes up smiling to take the order. Then the waiter, expertly, places the food on the table.

Sounds like quite a number of people, even for such an exclusive and expensive restaurant, to feed one party of guests, doesn't it? Yet one of the most important members of the food-serving profession has still not put in his appearance. The chef? No, he's busy in the kitchen. It's not the proprietor, either.

The missing man, the important little fellow who is hardly ever seen, and rarely noticed—he's the busboy.

Every restaurant or night club has them, busily and furtively trotting off with the dirty dishes and silverware, keeping his waiter supplied with clean tableware and napkins. What few guests realize, however, is that the unseen busboy may be their wealthy and gracious host some day.

At the Colony Restaurant in New York, where foreign nobility dines in uncrowded company with theatrical stars and millionaires, a nod of welcome from the two dignified owners, George Florentino and Gene Cavallaro, is an honor indeed.

Yet both these men, as they hobnob with European nobility and American millionaires, make no secret of the fact that they began their careers as busboys, despised and abused, but learning.

At the Ruban Bleu, a cozy little night club operated in connection with Theodore's Restaurant, the suave proprietor is Tony Mele. He's proud to admit, as he greets his guests, that he began at the very bottom.

"It was a cellar, as a matter of fact," Tony says. "It was in Paris, and I worked down with the spiders, corking the wine. Now, after many, many years, I'm right back in a cellar—you have to step down three steps to come in my restaurant."

Tony left Italy, where he worked

in a department store, because some one told him he should see Paris. He was busboy and waiter there, and in the fashionable spots of Germany, Italy and Belgium, and then he thought he'd like to see England. "There," he says, "I was shoe-shine boy in addition to being a busboy and waiter, all for a private family, because I couldn't speak enough English to work in a restaurant. In the morning I shined the shoes and scrubbed the marble steps, then I dressed up and served luncheon. In the afternoon I curried the horses, and evening found me in evening clothes, serving dinner."

"Funny thing is, after all that

dressing up, all they ever ate was cold lamb."

Dario Louis Toffenetti, now famous in both Chicago and New York as a restaurateur, also began as a busboy. A poor Italian immigrant of 21 years, he began working in Chicago for \$7 a week. At the same time he was going to night school, learning English and psychology.

Finally he invested \$1,750 in a restaurant. He worked 14 hours a day for six years, and found himself \$8,000 in debt. "Toff" then made use of psychology.

The next day he appeared in the window of his restaurant with a big ham and a long, shining knife. He

shined the ham with the rhythm of an orchestra conductor, occasionally pointing, the knife making a shining arc, at a sign which advertised a ham sandwich for 15 cents.

Now Toff owns seven Triangle restaurants in Chicago, and the big Toffenetti restaurant in New York. Showmanship is still the order of the day; Toffenetti's bill of fare contains language usually reserved for jumbo rooms.

Monte Plesner, owner of the Casablanca, one of New York's biggest and most famous night clubs, likes to talk about his busboy days, too.

"I went to college to be a busboy," he says. Pinned down, Monte admits

with a grin that he was a busboy at a fraternity house at Columbia University, and that he never quite got around to taking classes.

From his beginnings as a busboy, however, Monte climbed the ladder of success until he is now not only a famous figure in the "Casablanca" but also a producer of Broadway shows and movies to boot.

But in movie land, Anthony "Tony" Padellaro is known as the gentler, a member of the Beverly Hills circle, and a friend

of most of the stars. Tony came to America from Ireland at the age of 17, and started out as a busboy in New York before getting out to Hollywood.

At the Trouville in New York, another Tony is the host. Tony Cordella, beaming over his immaculate white tie, is also proud of his days as a busboy in Europe.

"We had to work like we were in the army," he says, "but we learned I can't get anything like the work out of my busboys that the waiters back in Paris used to get out of me."

Busboys in really fine restaurants and clubs work the same system the whole world over. They get a few dollars a week as salary, and the rest of their income comes from the waiters.

It's a time-tested way of operation, because a good busboy can enable his waiter to give better service, and receive a better tip. The busboy, incidentally, gets his name from the Latin word "omnibus," which means to or for all. He's supposed to do a little of everything.

The industrious busboy not only improves his income, but, by being the game, works his way up. Cavallaro and Florentino proudly relate their steps to success.

Both went from busboy to waiter, then to captain of waiters, and Cavallaro was headwaiter and Florentino a captain when they became co-owners of the Colony.

Now Cavallaro spends his summers abroad, while Florentino is a frequent guest at yachting parties given by his customers. Even in the dignified atmosphere of the Colony, there's plenty of room for democracy.

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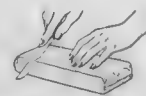
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DISCONTENTED

Wives

OF THE Sheik



By Warren Hall

IT WAS in its 25th printing before it was seven months off the press. It was a book that brought a million women a new kind of thrill.

Like this: "She was physically afraid of him, and she hated him and loathed herself for the fear he inspired. And her fear was legitimate. His strength was abnormal, and behind it was the lawlessness and absolutism that allowed free rein to his savage impulses.

"He is like a tiger," she murmured deep into the cushions, with a shiver, 'a graceful, cruel, merciless beast.

"Shall I make you care?" he asked. "Shall I make you love me? I can make women love me when I choose."

And apparently he could, because, at the end, "the color stole back slowly into her face and a little tremulous smile curved her lips. She slid her arm up and around his neck, drawing his head down. 'I am not afraid,' she murmured slowly. 'I am not afraid of anything with your arms around me, my desert love.'"

It was "The Sheik," a novel tossed off by Edith M. Hull, an English spinster who had never been to Arabia then in Liverpool, and when Rudolph Valentino played the role in the early movie, with Agnes Ayers, as the defiant debutante he tamed, women the world over dreamed of being carried away by a tawny son of the golden sands.

No matter how exciting it might sound in a book or seen on the screen, two women are ready to testify that life with a sheik can be something less than glamorous. Both

Millions Were Thrilled When Rudolph Valentino Played the Desert Lover Who Tamed a Defiant Debutante, but Two Women Know What Life With a Real Sheik Is Like

had experience with Khalil Ben Ibrahim El Raouf (or El-Rawaf), a prince of the Nejd and a real, honest-to-goodness Sheik of Arabia.

The first was Frances Allison, daughter of a New Jersey publisher and banker who left \$3,000,000 for the beautification of the Hudson River Palisades and had plenty remaining to bequeath to Frances. After her first two marriages failed, she set out on a trip around the world in hope of finding romance.

She found it, she thought, when she met the Arabian prince in a hotel in Bagdad.

"From my first glimpse of him," she said later, "I realized that here was a sensitive, cultured man—the sort of mate I had dreamed of. His clothes were exquisite and on his head he wore a headdress of cream-white cashmere embroidered in silver. As we talked I realized that our temperaments were in harmony, although we lacked a common speech."

When he sent for her after her return, she hurried back and they were married in a Bagdad mosque. For a while life was as thrilling as she had hoped, but the desert tribesmen didn't take to her.

"My husband's retainers got the idea that if I should die, he would receive a large sum of money," she said. "They acted in characteristic fashion. Once I was poisoned. Again, raiding Bedouins stoned me. Another time zealous Arabs broke into my room and beat me into insensibility."

"Worst of all was her husband's jealousy. He became infuriated, she said, if she even looked at another man and whenever she wrote a letter in English he was enraged because he couldn't read it. They parted three times and were reunited twice. After the third separation, she got the Moslem equivalent of a divorce.

Apparently his matrimonial contact with America inspired the sheik to take Horace Greeley's advice. At any rate, he was in New York when the editor of The Arab World introduced him to Constance Wellman, daughter of a Manhattan lawyer.

Constance wanted to learn to speak Arabic, and the sheik agreed to teach her. After the second lesson they dined together, and after a few more they were married. That was in August, 1915. He was 42 then and she was 30. She helped him establish an exporting business, which she now earns more than \$20,000 a year but apparently she found him just as hard to live with as Frances did.

Immediately after the marriage, she said, he became suspicious of every man she met, particularly any one in uniform.

"I was terrified," she said, "when he sat through a whole meal in a restaurant holding a knife in his hand in a position to throw it at three harmless young men in uniform who were guilty of nothing more damaging than being in the restaurant."

Suing for a separation the other day, Constance listed some outbursts

of temper which might have been approved in Arabia, but were hardly in accord with Western conventions.

She said he Threw a lighted cigar in her face, just missing her left eye. Burned her severely with a lighted cigarette.

Smashed the breakfast dishes if anything displeased him, and once grabbed a bottle of milk from her hands and threw it in the bathtub because she wasn't preparing his food fast enough.

Threw an ink bottle at her. Slapped her and knocked her down. Twice tried deliberately to wreck a car in which he was driving with her, her mother and her infant son.

"Any tears at any time on my part immediately brought out his sadism," Constance declared, "and each time he was certain to give me more reason to continue."

The sheik, in an answering affidavit, insisted that all his wife's charges were false, and added:

"I cannot refrain from exclaiming from the inner recesses of my soul that her affidavit is an outrage."

What was even more outrageous, he said, was that his wife communicated her troubles to the royal families of Saudi Arabia, and even went so far as to cable King Abdul Aziz of Riyadh.

He said her request for \$1500 monthly alimony and \$7,500 counsel fees was "ridiculous, because, 'far from being affluent, I am thoroughly insolvent.'"

And, finally, to show how thoroughly westernized he had become, he asserted that Constance wasn't a bona fide resident of Nevada when she obtained a Reno divorce from her first husband, so consequently her second marriage was void.

The judge said he'd think it over.

MEDICAL HUCKSTERS

TOMBSTONE LINIMENT

It Was a Good Lotion for Horses, but When It Swept the Country as a Tuberculosis Cure, Graves Told the Story

By Morris Fishbein M. D.,
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Assn.,
and William Engle

"WHAT is this remarkable preparation?" mild-mannered William F. McClellan, the liveryman, asked his friend, Old Doc Byrnes, one day at a little Massachusetts race track.

"It's the best horse liniment you ever saw," said Doc Byrnes. "Mostly turpentine, ammonia, eggs and water."

Out of this haphazard conversation concerning a crude and violent brew there developed one of the most fearful and widespread of all the "tuberculous cures" which at one time or another have sent countless, trusting men, women and children to early death.

That cure—the blistering liniment—swept the country. Its promotion was classic in its boldness and tragic in its ingenuity. Receipts ran to \$15,000 a year.

"I was dying of tuberculosis, and now I am well," testimonials, and a little later they died of tuberculosis.

"The White Plague is conquered," wrote Belle F. Kendall of West Medford, Mass., and she died of the White Plague.

There were others, and they were many, and almost to the end they looked with dying eyes on the horse liniment as the panacea that would give them years to live, and health, and strength, and the courage of the past.

It is a grim record. But it is worth observing. It is a lesson for the American people, to be kept in mind today, as new fake cures spring up. Its end, happily, is a triumph for that unrelenting foe of all medical fakes—the Federal Food and Drug Administration.

Its beginning was casual and homespun. The credulous liveryman, McClellan, made up Old Doc Byrnes' formula and applied it to his horses. He then applied it to his landlord and his landlord's sister, to his bookkeeper and his bookkeeper's daughter.

It did burn, and it was a good horse liniment, and McClellan, branching out, began to peddle it from house to house as a rheumatism remedy, a dollar a bottle.

He gave it two letters of the alphabet as a name: "B" for his wife, a former Miss Burns, and "M" for his own last name. So it became simply B. & M., destined to alter the fate of tens of thousands of innocent believers in gross error and bold promotion.

B. & M. did pretty well from the start. Applied, it reddened the skin. You could feel it take hold. But the liveryman was not one to see its possibilities.

Someone else did. Neat and chubby Frank E. Rollins, the liveryman's bookkeeper, was the one. Bright-eyed, and apple-cheeked, even at 72, he recalled that he had once worked for a company turning out "a lot of useless potter and had seen it make a fortune. Perhaps B. & M. was what, all along, he had been waiting for.

He spoke to McClellan about it. "Of course, if you want to buy into it," said McClellan, and hesitated. He'd had to borrow money from his landlord. "I'd be glad to have you."

LESS than a year, Rollins had most of the stock. A little later, it was his company. Thinking over his case, the Food and Drug Administration today believes he was a born charlatan, bent to truth, dead to logic.

When he won control, he branched out. "Good for rheumatism?" he chuckled. "Goodness knows WHAT this won't cure!"

He began to think about this, and presently he announced that the liniment was a cure for tuberculosis.

Then he announced that it was a cure for cancer, pneumonia, peritonitis, locomotor ataxia, infantile paralysis, scarlet fever, polio, diphtheria, asthma and—almost as an afterthought—

colds, sprains and insect bites.

It was the tuberculous cure, however, that he stressed. In and around Boston, his sales mounted, and he pushed on into other states, Massachusetts, under its Blue Sky Law, prosecuted him, but a state law held no terror for him.

To his defense came two of his patients, Mrs. Edith Merchant, of Ashland, N. H., and Paul Mulino, of Boston. They testified that the horse liniment had cured them of tuberculosis.

State officials challenged this. They had the witnesses X-rayed and they showed that both still were suffering from tuberculosis. Mulino in the final stage of the disease (he died soon after the trial).

So the state won, convicting Rollins on two counts, but it was a minor victory, for he was fined only \$10 for misrepresentation, and he kept his bottling works humming.

The federal government went for him, then, and it fared even worse. It charged his claims were false and fraudulent under the law precluding the present drug law but a jury held that he, himself, believed them, and presented him with an acquittal.

THE acquittal was an elixir for exuberant little Rollins. In state after state, his booklets fluttered on doorsteps, his agents carried his message of hope to the hopeless, his B. & M. bottles stood, respected, in the kitchen cupboards of little towns and in the medicine chests of big town apartments.

Throughout the country, the four-ounce bottle sold for 75 cents, and to a patient in some need it might not last the day. Rollins warned against sparring use of the concoction. The large-size bottles were \$1.25 and they came by the dozen at a special rate of \$12.50.

The booklets told the patient's wonder. "The only known penetrating germicide," it soaked down through the skin, tissues, fluids, bones, to all parts of the body, "except, perhaps, the brain," to a depth depending on the amount and concentration used.

As to tuberculosis his booklet said: "By proper use of B. & M. complete recovery from an early stage of the disease may be expected under home treatment without interruption of the ordinary activities of life and with few, if any, eruptions on the skin. The time required to destroy the germs in advanced cases depends upon the size and character of the infection and the quantity of B. & M. used."

The Food and Drug Administration decided that no matter what it cost, nor how long it took, it would put B. & M. out of the business of treating tuberculosis.

Its executives and agents worked years on the case, spent \$75,000 in piling up evidence, and finally in 1932, in Baltimore, Md., brought court action, before Judge W. Calvin Chesnut.

THAT action today is looked on by drug law enforcement agents as historic. Its name was "U. S. vs. Certain Bottles of B. & M." Its object was to prove the misbranding of a shipment of the liniment, win an order for its destruction, and eventually to shut B. & M. out of business by preventing it from using a reference to a tuberculosis cure on the label.

Witnesses were called from every part of the country, eminent medical men to testify exactly what B. & M. could do, and could not; patients who had taken B. & M., and the survivors of patients who had taken it, and trusted it, and died.

There for the record and the court was the pitiful story of Belle F. Kendall, whose home in West Medford, Mass., had been only half a dozen blocks from that of Rollins.

Her testimony for B. & M. said: "Miss Kendall earnestly desires to inform other sufferers that the White Plague is conquered."

Her death certificate, introduced as evidence, showed she died of tuberculosis three years after she had taken the liniment and 11 years before her testimonial was printed in one of the B. & M. booklets.

HUCKSTERS



From the Portrait "The Doctor" by the artist J. H. S. A. a copy of the "The Doctor" by the artist J. H. S. A.

All the Traditional Solicitude Which the Ethical Doctor Has for a Patient Shines From This Famous Painting. The Medical Huckster Sometimes Never Sees His Patient, Has Only One Prescription.

The story, in evidence, of the Allen family was even more tragic, for there were three of them, sisters, and they, too, with the White Plague upon them, had put their faith in the crude, old, mixture; turpentine, ammonia, eggs and water.

They had been admitted to the Rhode Island Tuberculosis Sanatorium for treatment, but they did not stay. From outside the walls they had word of B. & M.

MARGARET heard about it from a brother-in-law. She told the others. When they found they would not be allowed to use it in the scientifically run sanatorium, they went home to take B. & M.

Martha, 18, the youngest, died three months later. Elizabeth died six months later. Margaret grew worse (and died soon after the trial).

They had seen pictures on the booklets the motherly face of Mrs. Emma R. Hammond, of Keweenaw, N. H., and to the court the story of Mrs. Hammond was told, too.

"Mrs. Hammond first received B. & M. from her pastor," the booklets said. "Thereafter, from early morn until late at night, and sometimes into the night, she sought out the sick who were unable to obtain other help."

She was over 70, the booklets said, and hers were "errands of mercy." She supplied B. & M. to "eight well-advanced tuberculous cases," of which six, it was claimed, "apparently were making good progress."

The government hit that statement hard. It showed that four of the eight never had tuberculosis. Relatives of others, testifying as to their deaths, revealed that motherly Mrs. Hammond had been an authorized agent of B. & M.

That blow delivered, the government then struck an even harder one. It revealed that Mrs. Edith Merchant, of Ashland, N. H., who in an earlier trial had said the liniment had cured her of tuberculosis (although she was shown to be tubercular), also was at the disposal of B. & M. for money. It showed that Rollins paid her \$1.25 for rendering the service advertised at the end of her testimonial.

"I would be glad to answer letters should anyone care to know more about my case," On her deathbed, too weak to write, she gave over to her son, and Rollins agreed to pay him \$50 a month to handle her correspondence.

The court heard this evidence, and it heard, too, the cause of her death. Her death certificate revealed it as pulmonary and intestinal tuberculosis.

Even that had not staggered Rollins. In a letter to her son, he had written:

"It is of considerable importance to us to know the cause of death. We suspect it was cancer. People who would like to make it appear that B. & M. accomplishes nothing will assume that the cause of death was tuberculosis unless the contrary can be positively stated."

According to a request for a loan, he had enclosed a check for \$50, and Mrs. Merchant's son had replied satisfactorily.

One after another, the claims of testimonial writers were cited by the prosecution. "I never felt better in my life," "I can not praise B. & M. too much," they said things like that.

Their death certificates said "Cause of death: Tuberculosis."

TO EVIDENCE such as this, the testimony of some of the country's great medical leaders was added.

Dr. E. M. K. Gilling, Johns Hopkins pharmacologist, branded the B. & M. claims as "Absolute nonsense." Dr. Lawson Brown of Saratoga Lake, N. Y., Dr. Victor F. Cullen of the Maryland State Hospital for Tuberculosis, and Dr. Robert Kerr,

director of New Hampshire's tuberculosis control program, agreed with him.

"B. & M. has no merit whatever in the treatment of tuberculosis or in any of the other diseases mentioned in the labeling," they concurred in this, and the evidence showed that graveyards bore them out.

To the defense's claim that the government's relentless Dr. C. E. Rollins, chief investigator, had taken epitaphs from tombstones, the prosecution attorney fairly retorted:

"Well, that may be extreme, but do you blame the Department for looking for you (customers in graveyards if you send them there)?"

Mr. Rollins, in the end, contended that he believed in B. & M., and had accepted the stories of patients who had told him of wonderful cures.

The weight of the government's evidence, however, was too prodigious. The government at last caught up with B. & M. "The jury brought in a verdict for the prosecution and quickly after that, in a separate action, the manufacturer was convicted of misbranding and fined \$2,000."

B. & M., that symbol of hope to the dying and the desperate, was no more.

Another story about "Medical Hucksters" will appear in The American Weekly next week.

Twilight FOR A TROTTER KING

By C. Owsley Shepherd

WHEN the sound of the auctioneer's chant faded into the shadows of the vast Baker Acres at Northbrook, Ill., the other day, the \$214,575 sale of a famous string of trotters and pacers marked an unusual double retirement, that of a venerable sportsman and his beloved racer, Greyhound.

"Greyhound and I are heading for the easy chair," smiled debonair Col. Edward J. Baker, who reluctantly closed his colorful 30-year career in harness racing on doctor's orders.

But the familiar "going . . . going . . . gone" of the auctioneer was not sounded over the invincible Greyhound, all-time King of the Trotters whose powerful strides once clicked off a mile in 1:55 1/2.

Multimillionaire Colonel Baker, now 79 and ailing, consented to the sale of his great Algiers, winner of the \$50,000 Golden West Trot at Hollywood Park last spring, along with 16 other trotters and pacers and 27 show horses—but Greyhound will remain his to the end.

Never again will the giant gelding be asked to appear, even in exhibitions. He has earned a rest. The mightiest trotter ever hitched to a sulky, his gray hair turned snowy white with the passing of 15 years, withdraws from the scenes of his triumphs owning 17 world's records.

Baker, brother-in-law of the late John W. (Bet a Million) Gates, one of the most fabulous speculators in history, has parted with many great horses, but he never has considered

selling Greyhound for any amount.

In 1940, on the advice of his physicians that time, too, the diminutive sportsman disposed of his stable. It included Winnipeg, Star Etawah, His Majesty, Cardinal, Prince and Her Ladyship, all of which had bettered two minutes for the mile.

But the urge of the sport he loved was irresistible, and the colonel returned to it in 1941, purchasing several leading standardbreds. He then brought Greyhound out of retirement for coast to coast exhibitions.

Now the days of floral horseshoes and tumultuous applause are over for both the grand little man of harness racing and his champion of champions.

"Greyhound did everything there was for him to do," Baker mused. "He was in a class by himself."

However, this Man o' War of harness racing had a humble beginning. Taken to the Lexington, Ky., yearling sales in 1933 from his nearby birthplace on the Almahurst farms, this gawky, odd-colored son of Elizabeth-Guy Abbe was haltered by Colonel Baker for only \$300.

As soon as he went to the post, though, the youngster confirmed his owner's reputation as a shrewd judge of horseflesh. Greyhound negotiated the oval at Syracuse, N. Y., in 2:04 1/2, the fastest time a two-year-old ever trotted a mile.

Then the following year he went on to capture the Hambletonian at Goshen, N. Y., the world's richest trotting event. His two-heat mark of 2:02 1/2 and 2:02 1/2 still stands.

Clockers stood agog. There were

offers, a deluge of them, for this gelding whose exploits were to become legendary. Colonel Baker shook his head. He wouldn't sell, not even for the \$50,000 offered by one man.

Greyhound's greatest year was in 1935, when the champion made a clean sweep of eight triumphs in as many starts. The climax to his amazing career came on Sept. 29, 1938, at Lexington, when he erased the mark set 16 years before by Peter Manning for the mile. It was on this occasion that Greyhound sped the distance in his spectacular 1:55 1/2.

Again in 1939, Peter Manning was relegated to a back stall when he won the world's record for two miles was lowered to 4:06 by Greyhound.

Whenever Greyhound entered the winner's circle, Sep Palin, veteran Indianapolis reinsman, was the driver. But late in 1940, Palin and Baker came to a parting of the ways.

The colonel was seriously ill in a St. Charles hospital and Palin was in charge of his stable. One day, Mrs. Frances Dodge Johnson persuaded him to saddle Greyhound—against Baker's wishes—and allow her to ride.

With Mrs. Johnson aboard, the long-legged gelding, in a race against time, trotted the mile in the sensational time of 2:01 1/2, a world's record.

The Racing Days of the Giant Gelding Are Over, but 17 World's Records Still Stand to His Credit

When word of the incident reached the colonel, Palin was replaced as driver by Harry Fitzpatrick, except when R. C. (Doc) Flanery, general manager of Baker Acres, handled the reins in exhibitions.

Greyhound raced at a time when purses at the Grand Circuit meetings were at their lowest, so his total earnings were a meager \$38,952.79.

This didn't matter to the wealthy Colonel Baker. He was interested in improvement of the breed of harness horses. Purses were secondary.

Prominent in Kane County, Illinois, civic and political affairs, Baker lives in St. Charles, a community whose growth is largely traceable to him.

Nearly all the buildings in that Illinois town are either Baker-owned or Baker-inspired, including the largest bank, hotel and community house, to name a few.



"Greyhound and I Are Heading for the Easy Chair," Colonel Baker Announced and This Is How the Artist Saw It.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY



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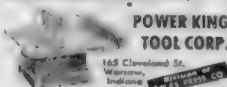
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On the Almanac Page

Three-Hour Honeymoon

As long as he lives Joe Pattinson will never forget his honeymoon. It lasted only three hours and he and his pretty bride had to share it with a lot of curious people and a corporal of the Royal Air Force.

When last's wedding day dawned in the quiet village of a few weeks ago, Joe was excited and in high spirits. His bride-to-be, a pretty Belgian girl named Liliane, was staying in a small boarding house. Joe was a prisoner in the RAF and, though waiting to be sent back to his destination,

Joe had appealed to the military authorities to help him keep his promise to the girl he had met and fallen in love with when he was fighting in Belgium. She had arrived in England, he said, unaware that he had been a prisoner for two months.

The usually un sentimental brass hats checked up on the story of the soldier's romance, found that it was true and had a frank talk with the girl who had just arrived from across the Channel. The fact that her fiancé was in serious trouble made no difference to her love for him. She wanted to become Mrs. Pattinson and stay in England. She would wait for her husband to serve whatever sentence was imposed on him, and had been invited to live

with his folks. She had the wedding ring in her handbag.

That—and a few tears—did it. Joe's bosses said he could be released for three hours to lead his bride to

made the situation as comfortable for them as his military duty would permit.

He warned Pattinson that he was armed with a service pistol which he would use if the prisoner made a move to escape. But he considerably walked 10 paces behind the couple and tried his best to make it appear that they were not his prisoners.

The first part of the three-hour journey was from the guardhouse to the office of the town registrar, who married the bride and groom in a simple civil ceremony. The bride said her vows without benefit of a wedding gown or a bouquet. Corporal Syne was witness and best man.

By the time the new-llyweds were back on the street, half the town knew about their strange wedding and they walked around, hand-in-hand, trying to ignore the craned necks and the curious eyes.

For an hour they window-shopped and the bride blushed prettily when her husband pointed out a crib and a high chair. Then, to get away from the people who gaped at them, they strolled through the residential sections.

Corporal Syne soon to be married himself, seemed as sad as Joe when the honeymoon was over. His was a tough job for a sentimental Irishman.



The Newlyweds Walked Around for Three Hours With an Armed Guard 10 Paces Behind Them.

the altar and have a sort of honeymoon—walking around the village, with a military guard as a companion.

Corporal Michael Syne, who was assigned the job of guarding the newlyweds,

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Teen-Age Tempest

By URSULA TROW
BLOOMFIELD, N. J., has clamped down on its youthful, "free wheeling" bicycle riders. Boys and girls who pedal along the sidewalks, on the wrong side of the street, or two abreast, who ride at night without lights and go in for showoff stunts, are being penalized for their dangerous antics. In the interests of safety—their own and other people's—offenders are haled into court by Bloomfield's alert and efficient police.

This is no ordinary seat of justice. It is called the Juvenile Bicycle Court and it is run by, as well as for, teenagers. It "sits" once a week, in one after another of the community's 12 schools. The judges, jurors, prosecutors and defense attorneys are students of these schools picked by their classmates. A new set of court officials and attendants is picked for each session.

The teens who are summoned into this court are given a fair trial by a jury of their peers, who take their courtroom duties seriously even though it would be inaccurate to describe the proceedings as august and austere.

So far, most of the defendants have been found guilty and sentenced—for a first offense—to write a 250-word essay on "The Proper Way to Ride My Bicycle." This document must mention five sensible rules—(1) No sidewalk riding, (2) Only one rider to a

A New Jersey Town Tries Out Juvenile Justice



The Bicycle Court Always Sentences Stunt-Riding Showoffs.

bicycle, (3) No trick riding, with feet off the pedals and hands off the handlebars, (4) A white-and-red light for night riding, and (5) Bicycles must be equipped with a horn, or some other warning device, that can be plainly heard.

The traffic rules that apply to automobiles and other vehicles also apply to bicycles in Bloomfield.

All first offenders who are found guilty must hand in their essays within a week after the court has

passed sentence on them. Conviction for subsequent offenses may bring such sentences as spending time with the traffic policeman at a busy intersection to learn safety first-hand, or—as a final resort—being deprived of a bicycle for a while.

Patrolman Charles Glessen of the Bloomfield traffic division, who reads the essays and helps set up the court sessions, says parents and the police are enthusiastic about results. Offenders have dwindled sharply. More than 100 summonses were issued the first week the court sat. The number dropped to 60 the second week, and 40 the third week.

According to Officer Glessen, Bloomfield urgently needed the bicycle court. There are 2,000 bicycle owners among its 50,000 inhabitants, and with increased traffic going over the roads, something had to be done if the traffic situation was not to get out of hand.

The town's teens find that their court is much more than a means of cutting down reckless riding and accidents. It is giving them a keen, personal interest in the workings of municipal government and the responsibilities of citizenship.

Do you think a teen-ago court would be a good thing in your community? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

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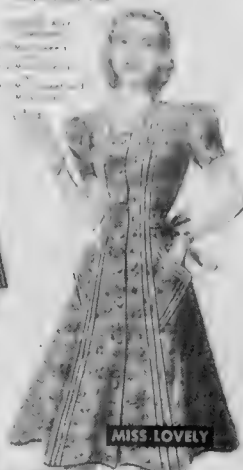
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jority... by an average of 3 to 1... they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, New Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor... for making breath cleaner, teeth brighter! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

CASE OF THE

UNLATCHED

By Peter Levins

WHAT is it, Frank?" the doctor asked as he came into the apartment. "What happened?"

Frank W. Case, a tall, heavily-built young man, gestured toward the bathroom, saying, "There she is. I—I guess it's all over."

Dr. Charles Lee Anderson hastened to the body. Lovely-looking, chestnut-haired Mary Harriet Case lay on the floor just outside the bathroom door. Her blue smock was soaked with water and blood.

"She was in the bathtub," said the husband. "I carried her out. Then I called you."

Dr. Anderson, noting the deep wounds in her head, made a brief examination. Then he said, "Frank, she's—"

Case nodded dazedly. "I know. There's nothing you can do. The superintendent is calling the police."

The superintendent of this apartment house on 80th st. in suburban Jackson Heights, New York City, contacted Detective James Sullivan, a young officer at the Newtown station.

Soon Sullivan arrived, accompanied by various superiors—Lieut. Jim Smith, in charge of detectives at that precinct, Capt. Edward Burke and Capt. Jim Fogarty, both of the Queens county homicide squad.

"Don't anybody touch anything," Lieut. Smith ordered. "Everything must be left untouched until the men from the crime laboratory get here."

Then he directed his attention to Case, sitting dejectedly in a couch in the living room. "Meanwhile, Mr. Case," he added, "I'd like to have your story."

Case told his age, which was 30, his wife's age, 28. He said they had been married a little more than a year, and had taken this three-room apartment upon return from their honeymoon.

HE SAID that he had left home, as usual, at 8 o'clock on this morning of Jan. 11, 1937, and spent the day at his place of business in Manhattan. He explained that he worked for a large hotel corporation, being in charge of liquor sales for one of the company's hotels.

"I studied hotel management at Cornell," he continued. "I met my wife while she was a student at Skidmore college in Saratoga Springs, my home town."

"Tell me about your discovery of the crime," said Smith.

"I tried to reach Mary by telephone at 6 o'clock. I wanted to tell her that I would be delayed at the office. When she didn't answer, I decided that she must have gone out to buy groceries for dinner."

"Then I tried to reach friends in the building here. But none of them answered. I began to worry."

"Why?" Lieut. Smith inquired.

"Well, ever since Mrs. Titterton was murdered, over there on Beekman place, I've dreaded something like this. I had a chain lock put on the door, and cautioned Mary never to let anyone in that she didn't know. But—but, as it happened, the chain lock wasn't enough."

"You don't think she would admit a stranger?"

Case shook his head.

He said he got home at 6:35 and found the door to the apartment closed but not locked. As he entered, he heard water running in the bathtub. He saw a chair lying on its side in the living room.

"I ran to the bathroom right away. She was in the tub. The water was running over. She was covered by a bedspread."

"What did you do, Mr. Case?"

"I pulled her out. I thought her still alive."

AT THAT moment, he continued, the doorbell had sounded.

It had been the superintendent, John Kaldy. Kaldy had explained that the people in the apartment below had complained about water seeping through the ceiling.

"I told him what I had found," Case concluded, "and asked him to call the police."

Dr. Anderson, who lived but three blocks away, said that he had tested the temperature of the water in the tub, hoping that this might help to fix the time of the homicide. He had found the water quite warm: 75 degrees.

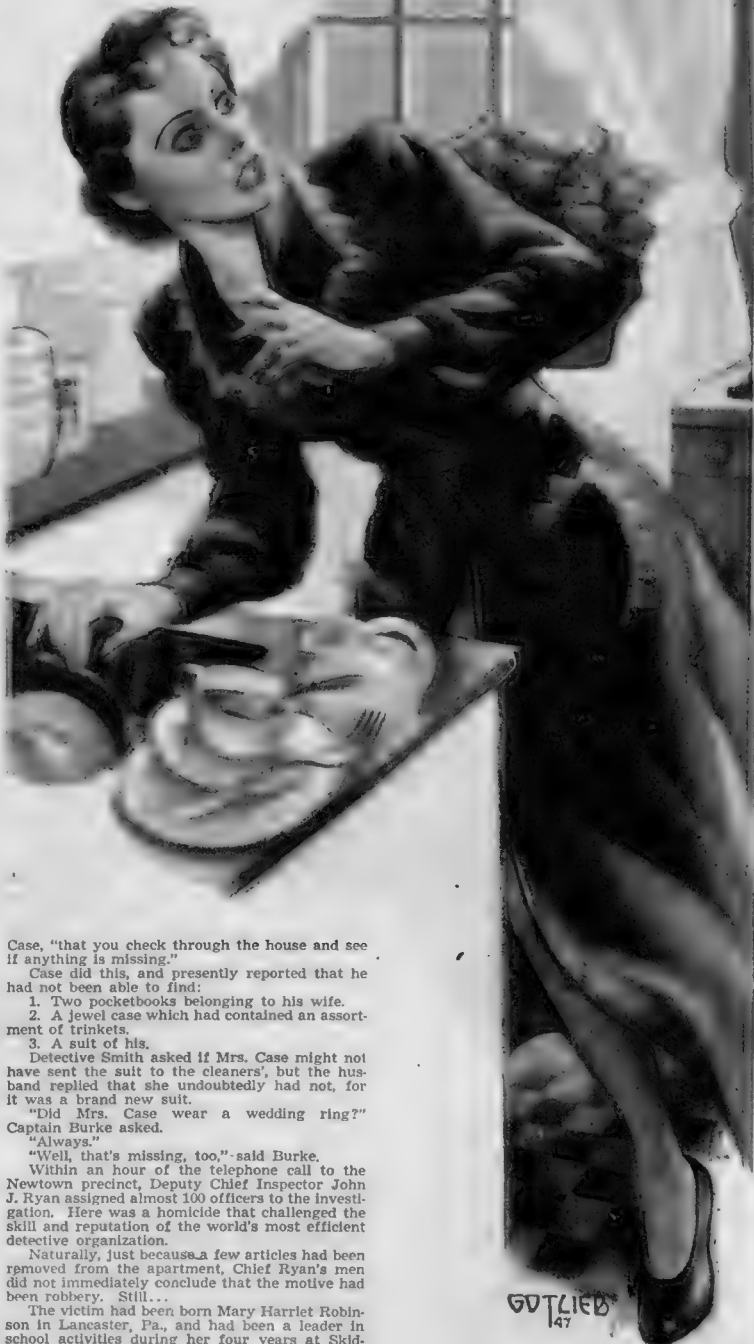
"As your experts will discover," the doctor said, "Mrs. Case was beaten over the head with a heavy instrument. And there are marks on her throat to indicate that she was strangled."

It appeared that she had been attacked in the kitchen while standing between the sink and the gas range, for there was a red trail extending from that spot out into the hall and around a closet into the bathroom.

Mrs. Case's slippers lay on the kitchen floor, as though they had dropped off when her assailant dragged her to the bathroom.

"I would like to suggest," Lieut. Smith told

"I Had a Chain Lock Put on the Door, and Cautioned Mary Never to Let Anyone In That She Didn't Know. But, as It Happened, the Chain Lock Wasn't Enough."



Case, "that you check through the house and see if anything is missing."

Case did this, and presently reported that he had not been able to find:

1. Two pocketbooks belonging to his wife.
2. A jewel case which had contained an assortment of trinkets.
3. A suit of his.

Detective Smith asked if Mrs. Case might not have sent the suit to the cleaners', but the husband replied that she undoubtedly had not, for it was a brand new suit.

"Did Mrs. Case wear a wedding ring?" Captain Burke asked.

"Always."

"Well, that's missing, too," said Burke.

Within an hour of the telephone call to the Newtown precinct, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Ryan assigned almost 100 officers to the investigation. Here was a homicide that challenged the skill and reputation of the world's most efficient detective organization.

Naturally, just because a few articles had been removed from the apartment, Chief Ryan's men did not immediately conclude that the motive had been robbery. Still...

The victim had been born Mary Harriet Robinson in Lancaster, Pa., and had been a leader in school activities during her four years at Skid-

GOTLIEB
147

DOOR

On her graduation in 1933, she had gotten a job in an art shop in New York City, then gone to work for a Fifth Avenue department store, as a designer of leather and silver novelties.

She had married Frank Case on Nov. 23, 1935, at the First Reformed Church in Lancaster.

"There never was any trouble between us," Case told his questioners. He said that he and Mary had come to live in this 88-family apartment house because he had previously shired an apartment in this same building with a college classmate, Arthur Hunt. Mary had known Hunt, he added, but had never shown anything more than a friendly interest in him.

LIEUT. SMITH asked if Mrs. Case had had trouble with anyone in the community. He said: "Not that I know of. However, perhaps you should know that this apartment was entered last July, and certain things were stolen."

The stolen articles, he said, included several suits and shirts as well as personal effects belonging to his wife.

By this time, the crime laboratory men had arrived. As usual, they examined every square inch of the apartment for possible clues.

They noted that the intruder could have en-

Gua Nestro, said that he had rung the Case apartment doorbell at just about 2:30, the approximate time of the murder.

No one had answered his ring, he said, so he had continued on to other subscribers.

The crime laboratory reported:

1. That the hairs found clonched in Mrs. Case's right hand had come from her own head.

2. That bits of flesh had been found underneath her fingernails.

As for the fingerprints found on the bathroom door, these could not be matched at headquarters.

Suddenly Detective Thomas Coote burst into the Case apartment, holding several articles in his hands.

"I just found these things in the incinerator," he exclaimed.

The articles included two pocketbooks, a mechanic's hammer, and a pair of bloodstained brown tweed trousers. The ball head of the hammer bore traces of blood and brown hair.

This discovery led to two deductions:

1. It seemed unlikely that any employee of the apartment building could have been involved because he would have known that the incinerator did not go into operation until 10 p. m.

2. The guilty person must have been familiar with the facilities of the building, as the incinerator chutes were concealed by closets.

The pocketbooks had belonged to Mrs. Case, her husband said. He said he had never seen the hammer nor the trousers before.

The trousers were of excellent material, though rather worn. They had been taken in at the waist to a size 32. The fact that they had become raveled at the cuffs indicated that they had been slightly too long for the wearer.

APPARENTLY, therefore, the trousers had formerly belonged to someone else.

One of the pockets contained two keys.

Another possible clue was the presence of a tailor's mark on the lining of the right hip pocket.

Chief Ryan's men soon determined that the keys, which had been skillfully filed, opened locks in the apartment building. No fewer than six apartments, not including the Case apartment, could be entered. One of them was a vacant apartment directly above the Case home.

A visit to this latter apartment produced some new exhibits: a coat, a vest, and a pair of trousers matching the pair found in the incinerator.

As soon as tailoring shops opened the next morning, numerous detectives tackled the task of tracing the trousers via the cleaner's mark.

That evening, Detective William Jackson, who had often been cited for his work on important homicides, tramped from shop to shop in Harlem, accompanied by his partner, Fred Trumpf, Jr.

Their 29th port of call was the Ideal dry cleaning establishment of Charles Vencentes on West 118th st. They showed him the trousers that had been found in the incinerator.

"Listen, officers," he protested, "I handle a million pants like this. How could I remember everybody that comes in here?"

"This number shows that the garment was cleaned at a shop in Harlem," said Jackson. "Do you write the number 7 like this?"

Vencentes looked, scratched his jaw, and finally said, "As a matter of fact I do. Let me look up my records."

A few moments later he bowed the officers over by saying, "I received that pair of pants on Dec. 23."

"Who was the customer?"

"I don't know his name but he lives right near here—at No. 68. Short, wiry fellow. His younger brother brought a suit here only the other day."

"Is it still here?"

"Yes, I'll get it."

Vencentes went to a rack and returned with a freshly cleaned and pressed gray suit. Jackson gave one look at the label and exclaimed, "Good, this was stolen from Case's apartment in July."

They soon learned that the short, wiry man bore the curious first name of Major, and that his family name was Green. He had been employed as a porter in the Jackson Heights building, and he lived on 118th st. with his wife, brother, and wife's nephew.

At the Newtown police station, whence Jackson and Trumpf rushed him, it was discovered that he was wearing a shirt bearing on the neckband the initials "F. W. G."

That there were scratches on his right arm.

3. That his fingerprints matched those found on the bathroom door.

How had he received those scratches? He replied that he must have gotten them while pulling up a carpet.

What carpet? Where? Well, maybe it wasn't from pulling up a carpet. Maybe his wife, Juanita, had scratched him in a fight.

Would his wife testify to that? Maybe.

GREEN was asked if he had received a brown tweed suit six months previously from Ernest Hutton, a tenant in the apartment building. He denied that he had, but Hutton positively identified the suit as one that had belonged to him.

How did he account for his fingerprints on the bathroom door? He replied that he could not.

While he was being questioned, his shoes were removed and examined under a microscope. Soon Chief Ryan learned that the shoes were blood-

stained, and that a silky brown hair had been found on the instep.

Green admitted that maybe the hair had come from Mrs. Case's head, but he didn't know how.

The 33-year-old suspect, despite all this mounting evidence, refused to break down.

Finally District Attorney Sullivan suggested that Green be subjected to a lie detector test.

"They've got one of those things at the Fordham University psychology school in the World worth building," he told Ryan. "It's called a recording psycho-galvanometer."

As he detector evidence could not be introduced in any New York court, the police official demurred. Besides, if the test proved a flop, it would be a feather in the cap of the defense. But in the end, the district attorney got his way.

SO GREEN, shirtless and shoeless, was hustled across the river to Manhattan.

The test proved a complete success. After the machine and its inventor, the Rev. Walter G. Summers, got through with the suspect, everybody could see that Green was their man.

Twenty-four hours later the police announced that he had confessed.

He said he had struck Mrs. Case after she discovered that he had entered the apartment bent on robbery. He had dragged her into the bathroom, and when she had revived there he had struck her again.

He had changed to that blue suit belonging to Case, deposited the stained tweed trousers and other articles into the incinerator, then had gone to his locker and changed to his street wear. (A recheck of the incinerator refuse produced the victim's wedding ring.)

"I cannot sufficiently praise Deputy Inspector Ryan," Police Commissioner Valentine told the press. "In fact, I am proud of every man who worked on this investigation."

One month later, Major Green was convicted, and on Aug. 19 was executed at Sing Sing.

Next week Peter Levins will write another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.



Illustrated by
JULES GOTLIEB

tered the apartment by either of two stairways or by a self-service elevator. One stairway was near the door to the apartment, the other stairway and the elevator were at the end of the hall.

No employees or tenants of the six-story building had noticed anyone of a suspicious character in the building, nor had anyone heard anything.

"What can you tell us?" Chief Ryan asked Dr. Richard Grimes, the assistant medical examiner.

"She sustained several deep skull fractures extending from the right temple to a point just about the right ear," Dr. Grimes replied. "She was also strangled, but not criminally assaulted."

"What sort of weapon?"

"I should say the blows were administered with a ball-headed hammer."

"What about the time of death?"

Dr. Grimes said he estimated that Mrs. Case had died at about 2:30 p.m.

WHILE he and Ryan were talking, officers from the police laboratory prepared to pare the victim's fingernails for examination and analysis. As one of the men straightened out the fingers of the right hand, he observed several brown hairs. He counted 18 hairs, all of fine texture.

"Have you found anything?" Ryan asked a fingerprint expert, Alexander Clark.

"I've found plenty of prints, sir," the officer replied. "I have an idea that three impressions, which I got off the lower panel of the bathroom door, may lead to something."

Lieut. Smith, meanwhile, had noticed a package of fresh laundry just inside the front door, and he had learned that newly-issued telephone directories had been distributed that day.

The laundry delivery man, Benjamin Weinberg, said he had delivered the bundle at 11:30 a. m., and that the door had been ajar at that time. According to his story, he had deposited the laundry inside the door when no one answered.

Could Mrs. Case have been dead at that time? The answer seemed to be no, for Kaldy, the janitor, insisted that he had seen her at about noon downstairs in the lobby.

She had asked if the mail had arrived yet, he had replied that it had, and she had returned upstairs by way of the elevator.

As for the telephone directory angle, Smith learned that a crew of men had circulated through the building early that afternoon. One of them,



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Meals for Mothers

AN investigation reported by Dr. William T. Sullivan of the New York Academy of Medicine indicates that motherhood is easier and children are healthier when mothers-to-be are fed a special diet rich in proteins, especially meat, fish, eggs, cheese and milk. The diet was tried out on 2,000 women. Most of them found that the special meals reduced nausea and other discomforts connected with



The Mothers-to-Be Were Served Protein-Rich Food Six Times a Day.

approaching childbirth — and the death rate among their babies was only about one-tenth of the death rate among babies whose mothers ate what they pleased. The children born to women who co-operated in the feeding experiment were markedly healthy and well developed.

For a woman whose normal weight was 110 to 120 pounds, the diet contained from 2,200 to 2,500 calories a day. She was fed small amounts six times a day instead of three times.

Her six light meals were prepared from a daily allotment of 100 grams — slightly over three ounces — of proteins in the form of meat, fish, eggs and cheese; 75 grams about two-and-a-half ounces — of fat, usually butter; 270 grams — about nine ounces — of foods containing sugar and starch; and green vegetables for vitamins and minerals.

SIMILAR diets have been tried, with noticeable success, in the Department of Maternal and Child Health at the Harvard School of Public Health and in the Boston Lying-In Hospital.

An English physician — Dr. Harold P. Himsforth — now at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, points out that expectant mothers whose meals are lacking in proteins often develop cirrhosis of the liver, a disease frequently found in people who over-indulge in alcohol.

The treatment for people with cirrhosis of the liver is a diet rich in proteins. In England many patients suffering from this disease were fed generous amounts of meat, milk, eggs and slices of cheese—all foods that seem to be exceptionally good for mothers-to-be and their babies.

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BACKACHE?

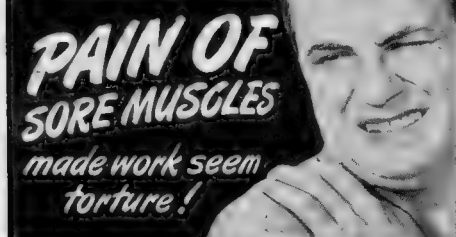
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HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN DOLLS for pleasure and profit!

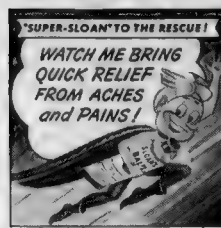
Home-made dolls have an irresistible appeal all their own—perhaps because so much love and effort is put into their making. Grace L. Schaffler, the author, has been making (and collecting) dolls for many years. In this new book she tells you simply and quickly how to make your own dolls—and also clothes, accessories and furniture. Here are directions for making—Beecham Brownie, Pink Bobbie, Paper Dolls, Sewie, Quilted Queenie, Corn Buds, Dolls and Animals; Apple Grondina, Doll House Dolls, Princess Ann Elizabeth, Rose Mary and Mary Rose (two dolls in one), and many more. Full size patterns are provided. Careful directions show each step of the making as well as the finished doll. The directions are so clearly given and the patterns so simple that children can follow them, yet from the same book, dolls can be made to suit successfully in shape. The author devotes a complete section to DOLL COLLECTING, and includes photographs and descriptions of famous dolls, collection prices and museum rarities.

Send for a copy of "HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN DOLLS AND PLAYTHINGS" if you enclose \$2.50 we'll pay postage or send 2 D.O. give postage if not completely satisfied, you can get your money back at once.

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New SLOAN'S BALM relieves much faster... penetrates deeper... gives longer-lasting relief! Far more effective than other leading balms and rubs tested! Clean, pleasing aroma. For generous trial tube, send your name and address plus 10¢ to cover postage, to: Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 301, 113 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.



HEAD COLD?

that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty" the MENTHOLATUM TWINS



Quick MENTHOLATUM

When head-cold misery makes you gasp for air, and your nose feels raw and tender, reach for cooling, soothing Mentholum and B-R-E-A-T-H-E! Mentholum contains comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. These two

famous, fast-acting ingredients help thin out thick mucus, reduce swelling, soothe cold-inflamed membranes. Soon soreness eases up, your head starts to clear. Don't take head-cold misery lying down—keep Mentholum handy. ALSO RELIEVES CHEST-COLD TIGHTNESS, NASAL IRRITATION AND CHAPPING

Look Mom!
I Can
Help You
in 2 Ways!



First...

My Quick-Cooking,
Creamy-Smooth, THRIFTY

QUAKER

Enriched

Farina

SAVES YOU TIME 'CAUSE IT
SUITS THE WHOLE FAMILY!

Once you bring me home from your grocer's, you'll see what I mean! Wheat-rich, smooth, creamy Quaker Enriched Farina suits everyone just right—from Dad on down to little fellows like me, who need an easily digested cereal. So look for me, raising my spoon, on the blue and yellow package.

Quaker Enriched Farina is the kind of cereal widely used as baby's first solid food... as well as America's favorite hot wheat breakfast food. AT ITS BEST! No wonder! It tastes so good, and is packed as full of food. Energy, "starch" and Vitamin D, other vitamins and minerals.

Second...

IF YOU HAVE A BABY UNDER 3
YOU'LL WANT THIS FAMOUS
DAILY GUIDE BOOK

Doctors over the nation are distributing this famous booklet! Now in its second edition, "Bringing Up Baby" is yours for only one box top from Quaker Enriched Farina. Covers feeding, care and training, pre-natal through romper age. Includes work-saving, whole-family recipes. Send box top and your name to Quaker Farina, Box 1083, Chicago, Illinois.

Household Almanac - *Amy Alden*

Italian Dishes You'll Like

THESE are some of the traditional dishes that have made Italian cooking famous. Try them and you'll see why we have had so many requests for them. Even if these dishes are familiar to you, our recipes may help you prepare them in especially delicious ways. Here is ravioli with a meat filling. If directions are carefully followed they are not as difficult to make as some people think. For the popular pizza that is good to munch on any time of day or night, we have worked out a recipe for the dough and four different fillings that should please the whole family.

Ministrone is a whole meal by itself and a satisfying one, too. But with all of these good dishes the small cup of biscuit tortoni with its chopped almonds and powdered macaroons is the perfect ending for a good Italian dinner.

Ravioli

2 cups sifted flour
1 egg, slightly beaten
6 cups lukewarm water
Tomato sauce

Sift flour 3 times. Make a well in the center and pour into it the egg and water. Mix well with a fork. Turn out onto a floured board and knead until smooth and elastic, about 3 min. Divide dough in half; cover half. Roll out other half into a very thin sheet. Cut into 3 rounds. Place a level tsp of meat filling on one half of each round. Moisten edges with water, and fold over other half of the round to form a half circle. Crimp edges with a fork. Roll out remaining dough. Drop into rapidly boiling salted water or chicken broth and boil for 15 min. Serve with tomato sauce and grated parmesan cheese. Makes about 30.

Meat Filling

1 cup minced cooked chicken or veal
1 egg, beaten
1 tsp. softened butter or margarine

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated parmesan cheese
1 tsp. minced parsley
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
Speck nutmeg
Combine all ingredients and use to fill approximately 30 ravioli.

Pizza Bread Dough

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh yeast
2 cups lukewarm water
1 cup boiling water
1 tsp. salt
2 cups shortening

Crumble yeast in lukewarm water for 5 min. Pour boiling water over shortening and salt. Cool to lukewarm; add yeast. Add half of flour; beat until smooth. Then add remaining flour; beat smooth. Divide dough in half for this pizza. Or use all of dough for thicker pizza. Place on floured board; pat gently into 1 13-in. round or 2 11-in. rounds, with edge slightly thicker (this keeps filling

from running over during baking). Place on greased cookie sheet. Let rise in warm place (85° F.) until dough doubles in height. Arrange filling on top and bake as directed.

Pizza Filling

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. olive oil
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated parmesan cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced mushrooms or peas
1 can (4 oz.) tomato sauce
2 cups diced, peeled, ripe tomatoes, drained
1 minced clove garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ dried oregano or thyme

2 tbsps. olive oil
Prepare pizza dough. After dough doubles in height, brush with 1 tsp. oil. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese; arrange $\frac{1}{2}$ mozzarella on top. Sprinkle with tomatoes mixed with garlic, salt and pepper. Arrange rest of mozzarella on top. Sprinkle with oregano; drizzle on 2 tbsps. oil. Bake in hot oven of 450 deg. F. 25 to 30 min., or until crust is golden-brown.

Anchovy Pizza

Make pizza, omitting oil and cheeses. Dot pizza with 2-oz. can fillet anchovies; finely minced; drizzle on oil from anchovies. Garnish with a few slivers green pepper. Bake as directed.

Mushroom Pizza

Make pizza. Sprinkle on top $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped mushrooms, sautéed in 2 tbsps. olive oil with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt for 5 min. Bake as directed.

Sausage Pizza

Make pizza. Put sausage with 1 lb. browned sausage on top. Bake as directed.

Ministrone

1 lb. shin beef with bone
 $\frac{3}{4}$ qts. cold water
3 tbsps. salt
1 cup dried white or red kidney beans
1 tsp. olive or salad oil
2 peeled cloves garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced parsley
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper

1 cup cut fresh string beans
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shelled peas
2 cups finely shredded cabbage
1 cup pared diced carrots
1 cup canned tomatoes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup spaghetti, broken up fine

Grated parmesan cheese
Place shin of beef in a large kettle. Add water, 2 tbsps. of the salt and the beans. Cover, bring to a boil. Then simmer. Recover and simmer 4 hours. Heat oil in a skillet and brown garlic cloves in it. Remove the garlic. Then saute the onion and parsley in the oil remaining in the skillet until onion is tender, but not brown. Remove bone and meat from meat stock. Then add remaining salt, onion, parsley, pepper and all other ingredients except spaghetti and cheese. Cover and simmer for 30 min. Add the spaghetti and cook 10 min. longer. Serve, passing the cheese. Serves 10.

Spaghetti-Filled Peppers

6 green peppers
12 tbsps. spaghetti, cooked with meat sauce
1 cup carrots steamed and cut
1 tsp. butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
Salt and pepper
Grated cheese

Prepare peppers, remove seeds. Steam for 5 min. Pack each pepper lightly with 2 tbsps. of leftover well seasoned spaghetti and

sauce. Arrange in casserole with seasoned carrots. Add water. Bake at 325 deg. F. for 15 min. or until peppers are tender. Sprinkle with cheese and serve.

Biscuit Tortoni

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
6 egg yolks
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. plain unflavored gelatin
1 tbsps. cold water
2 cups cream, whipped
1 tbsps. vanilla flavoring
1 cup chopped blanched almonds
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely powdered macaroons

Dissolve the sugar and water, to 275° F. or until a little of the mixture forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Pour slowly over the beaten egg yolks. Then cook in top of double boiler until thick, while stirring constantly (about 8 min.). Add gelatin which has been soaked in the cold water for 5 min. Stir until dissolved. Cool. Fold in the whipped cream. Add vanilla, chopped almonds and macaroons. Pour into small paper cups; sprinkle top with macaroon crumbs, place in freezing trays of an automatic refrigerator, and freeze with control at coldest setting until firm, without stirring. Fills 12 cups, 2 1/2 in. diameter and 1 in. deep.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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ALMANAC RECIPES

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| (40) Goodford Hamper Diet | (79) New Cakes |
| (61) Famous Recipes | (90) Desserts and Sweets |
| (62) New England Recipes | (91) Favorite Pie Recipes |
| (63) Candy Recipes | (92) Pies and Pastries |
| (64) Quick Hot Meals | (93) Favorite Soup Recipes |
| (65) Pancakes and Roll-Tops | (94) Meat for Family Meals |
| (66) Oyster Recipes | (95) Quick-to-the-Hill Dishes |
| (67) Waffles Tonight | (96) Delicious Vegetables |
| (68) Eggs for Every Meal | (97) New Vegetable Recipes |
| (69) Let's Eat This | (98) Almond Potato Recipes |
| (70) Casserole Recipes | (99) Popular Salad Recipes |
| (71) Quickly Prepared Meals | (100) Salads and Dressings |
| (72) Favorite Mexican Recipes | (101) Almond Cookies |
| (73) Foreign Recipes | (102) New Cookies |
| (74) Almond Bread & Rolls | (103) Children's Party Recipes |
| (75) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts | (104) Popular Salad Recipes |
| (76) Favorite Hebrew Recipes | (105) Buffet Party Dishes |
| (77) Favorite Almond Cakes | (106) Luncheon Fillers |
| (78) Favorite | (107) Favorite |

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

30 January 11, 1948



CONGRATULATIONS
MISS.... ON
CHOOSING THE
FLAKIER
CRACKER!

"Bright girl!... it shows you know about the
fine ingredients Sunshine uses...
about our new modern ovens and the way
Krispys are tender-baked for *extra flakiness*.
Guess your Mom serves 'em all through the meal!"

*all through
the meal!*

THE
FLAKIER
CRACKER



FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF *Sunshine Biscuits, INC.* 1948.

Dry Skin may mean aging lines



new Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream

- discourages tiny dry-skin lines
- gives a fresher, younger look
- softens weather-dried skin

CAREFUL! Weather-dried skin looks so dry, flaky... and that dryness may deepen old-looking lines.

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits—plus four more special skin softeners to smooth dry skin. Apply overnight, or for just 15 daytime minutes. Get your Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream today!

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Keep your fingertips neatly trim and beautiful with a pair of **Kemer Beauty** scissors. Quick-cutting, easy-to-use **Clauss** manicure scissors. THE KEMER-CLAUSS CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Clauss SHEAR QUALITY Since '77

NOW—HOME COSMETIC For GRAY HAIR!

Give your gray hair natural-looking color again, yourself, in the privacy of your own home. Mary T. Goldman's wonderful clear liquid cosmetic, **Gray Hair**, works for thousands so easily! Simply comb Mary T. Goldman's through hair. Work's better, won't spoil hair texture. Guaranteed to give gray hair the youthful-looking shade you want or your money back. Get Mary T. Goldman's today at your drug or department store. Accept no substitutes!

FREE TRIAL: Send coupon below for free trial kit.

MARY T. GOLDMAN CO.
31 Locust St., Phila. 1, Minn.
Send **FREE** sample. (Check color desired.)
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn
Name _____
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Unruffled Brows



By Sally Young

HOW do you tell a woman's age? By her hands? By the laxness of her chin muscles? By the lines around her mouth and eyes? Quite true, these all tattle tales on you. But haven't you overlooked something? Look in your mirror. Take a good look—at your eyebrows. They're not the straight little baby brows that go with little faces. Nor are they the piky up-at-the-corner sort that go with schoolgirls. Maybe, if you're a meticulous lassie, they're the highly arched in-the-20s eyebrows. These are the ones to hang on to—even if your 20s have gone for a sigh ride.

WHAT happens after that age? Gradually the arch drops. The brow becomes heavily prominent, near your nose—but only to the middle of your eyes. There it fizzles out. Luckily this isn't too difficult to fix. Trim the brows by tweezing them on the under side. Naturally, any hairs off the beaten path on the upper side have to be vanquished as well.

Then, using a soft eyebrow pencil, in a color just a little darker than your hair, fill in the outer part of your brow. This is done with short, light strokes of the pencil. Then go over your brows like this: Using your thumb and index finger, go along the brow (starting at the nose, finishing at the temple), lightly pinching the hairs between the fingers. Makes for a more even line.

NOW let's look at Granny. If she's like most, her brows will go every which way, straggly-like. Perhaps, too, they'll be sparse but coarse. What to do if Granny doesn't want to show her age? She'll take a little mascara brush to

train the straggly hairs to lie down quietly. If brushing alone won't do it, she can use a little cream or mascara on the brush.

Then she should wield the eyebrow pencil deftly and with finesse to put a natural looking and orderly line on her brow.

THINGS not to do: Don't shave off the eyebrow and then draw on one deep, long gash. It only makes you look like a villainess in a silent movie.

Don't tweeze the brows until they're mere skeletons of their former selves. Generally, a natural line to your eyebrows looks best. You can help nature along, of course. No one expects you to stand for heavy, grown-together brows over your nose. On the other hand, don't expect to be taken seriously if your brows look like they're about to take flight—in V formation.

THE right idea to have toward your eyebrows is to consider them a frame for your eyes. If you were buying a frame for a picture, you'd not buy a washed out affair that does nothing whatever to enhance the picture. On the other hand, you wouldn't buy a frame that overshadowed the work of art, would you?

All right. Your eyes are the art pieces you want to frame with your eyebrows. Don't detract from them.

Choose your eyebrow pencil with care. Don't buy just any color your hands happen to fall on. Look them over. Colors range from light brown, through auburn, dark brown, black and gray.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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BEAUTY

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ (1) Skin Care | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair |
| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (7) Hand Care |
| ☐ (3) Care of Fringed Eyes | ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (9) Loss or Gain by Exercise |
| ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (10) Bathing Superficially Hair |
| ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage | |
| ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You | |

"Pin-up Beauty starts with your hair!"



— says Walter Thornton
CREATOR OF THE "PIN-UP GIRL"

"The cutest girl in the world can be ignored if her hair is dull, frizzy and lifeless. So I keep warning my pin-up girls about the shampoos they use. I insist that my Pin-Up Girls avoid harsh, tricky kinds of shampoos that can dry out hair and make it ugly and brittle."

"I urge them to use a fine, non-drying shampoo. Its name is Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo. It leaves the hair shimmering soft

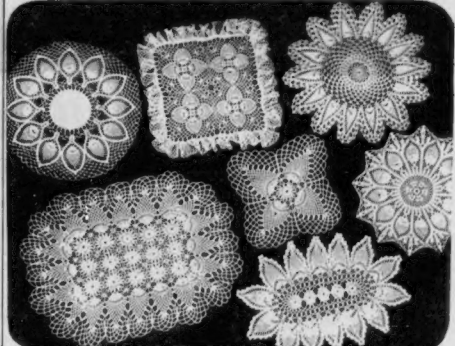
and gleaming with shining highlights. It is the 'photo-genic' shampoo."

Take a tip from this world-famous beauty expert. Try Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo on your hair. See the glamorous difference! Pure olive oil is its principal ingredient, blended with just enough coconut oil and emolier oil to give you thorough cleansing, easy rinsing. We've used softer, last longer, too! At toiletry counters everywhere.



Laco GENUINE CASTILE Shampoo The Non-Drying Shampoo!

NEW! EASY! TINY-COST CROCHET IDEAS!



Send for "Pineapples on Parade," 10¢

Crochet the sensational "ruffly bedspreads, gift ideas. Ask for doilies," and other exciting new "Pineapples on Parade" at your pineapple designs—charming, art needlework counter, or mail different vanity and table sets, coupon NOW!

COMPLETE CROCHET LIBRARY ONLY 10¢ A BOOK!

The Spool Cotton Co., Dept. AW-1,
234 Ogden St., Newark 1, N. J.
Please send me the books checked, at 10 cents each.

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| ☐ No. 243 Bedspreads | ☐ No. 244 Edgings |
| ☐ No. 245 Tablecloths | ☐ No. 246 Pillowcases |
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Remember This After 35



How Your Age Affects Regularity



Your good common sense will tell you that after 35 your system naturally slows down. And your present laxative may no longer be suited to your system. That's why you should try Serutan, which is especially designed for folks your age.

How Serutan Helps You

Serutan gives such wonderful relief for folks over 35 because it contains no chemical laxatives . . . no harmful roughage. It's entirely different from pills, salts or oils. Serutan gives you vegetable hydrogel like that in certain naturally laxative fruits and vegetables which help keep you regular.

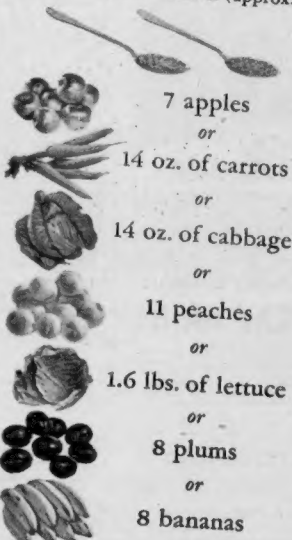
Serutan For Daily Regularity
Take Serutan with a glass of water, morning and night to help keep you regular . . . the way you want to be. Or sprinkle Serutan in your soup, cereal or fruit juices. Get Serutan at your drug or health food store *today*. You'll be glad you did!



AFTER 35 - SERUTAN
"Read It Backwards"

TUNE IN—Gabriel Heatter, great news analyst, Mutual Network; Tues. & Thurs. 9 P.M. E.S.T.
Victor H. Lindfahl, noted food commentator, Mutual Network; Mon. thru Fri. 12:15 P.M. E.S.T.

Two teaspoonfuls of Serutan contain hydrogel* equal to that in (approx.):



*The water absorbing portion of the non-digestible carbohydrate residues of fruits and vegetables known technically as hemicellulose.

To Help Avoid COLDS and COUGHS due to colds...

Many Doctors
recommend
SCOTT'S EMULSION
if you catch colds often
—because you don't
get enough A&D Vitamins—food—you'll be
grateful for the way good-tasting Scott's
Emulsion helps build you up and helps
ward off colds, build stamina and resistance.
Scott's is a **HIGH ENERGY FOOD**
TONIC—rich in natural A&D Vitamins
and energy-building natural
oil. Good Eating. Easy to
digest. Economical too. Buy
today at your drug store.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY TONIC

PREVENT THAT TIRED FEELING*

Due to lack of thiamin in the diet.
When you feel tired and all-in,
life really isn't worthwhile. So do as
thousands of happy, energetic, peo-
ple are doing. Take Nutrex to keep
up your pep and avoid that tired
feeling due to lack of thiamin.

Have the energy you want to do
your day's work and enjoy your eve-
nings besides. So don't put it off! Get
Nutrex at your drugstore today,
without fail, and get results or you'll
get your money back. Widely recom-
mended by thousands of satisfied users
everywhere. Buy the economy size
Nutrex—it saves you
15%.

*For Tiredness resulting
from an organic con-
dition, see your doctor.

NUTREX
MUST HELP OR
YOUR MONEY BACK

Sally Young tells why "Unruffled
Brows" make you look younger.

RUBBER MASKS

Cover Entire Head
So Lifelike People Gaze!
Molded from the best
grade flexible rubber,
these masks are so re-
sult-like, people actually
gaze in astonishment and
surprise. Cover entire
head, yet you see through
"eyes," breathe, smoke,
talk, eat, drink, etc.
Hand-painted for realism.
Wonderful for every mas-
querade occasion. For adults
and children alike. **SEND
NO MONEY.** State mask
wanted and mail order
today. On arrival, pay
Postman's Note C.O.D.
postage. Quantity dis-
counts. Satisfaction guar-
anteed. Return of worn
masks perfect. Write
today to:

RUBBER-FORM MOLDING, Inc. Dept. 125-A
6044 N. Avondale, Chicago 31, Ill.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

If you are among this unfortunate
number—try **SIROIL**, which tends to
remove the crusts and scales which
are external in character. Offered on
a two-weeks' satisfaction or money-
refunded basis. Write for interesting
booklet to—Dept. AW-21.
Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Detroit 28, Mich.

SIROIL
AT ALL DRUG STORES



Choose a GOOD Mattress

for SOUND SLEEP

By Doris Denison

THERE'S nothing like wak-
ing up in the morning
thoroughly rested and re-
freshed. But you can't do it
with a lumpy mattress and
sagging bedsprings.

To test your mattress,
place a yardstick across it
at several intervals. If the
mattress touches the yard-
stick at every point, it is
still level. If it dips down
in spots, it is worn out and
needs replacing.

To test a bedspring, apply
pressure with your hand to
see if it sags. Examine it
for bent coils and broken
connections.

Personal Preferences
WHEN buying a new mat-
tress, keep in mind the
preferences of the person
who is to use it. Heavy per-
sons will usually prefer a
firm foundation, while light-
weights generally rest more
comfortably on a softer one.
Growing children should al-
ways have firm bedding.

For maximum comfort
choose sleeping equipment
six inches longer than your
height. If necessary, you
can buy extra long mat-
tresses and springs on spe-
cial order.

Buying a Mattress
THERE are two types of
mattresses—the inner-
spring and the solid uphol-
stered. An inner-spring mat-
tress may have individually
encased coils, or the coils
may be fastened together
with small springs or metal
ties. A good mattress will
not have fewer than 180
coils.

Horse or cattle hair is
used as filling in better in-
nerspring mattresses. If cot-
ton felting is used, be sure

it is made of long-fibred
cotton. Sisal is usually used
in combination with cotton
felt. It should be in pad
form, not loose. Latex is a
new filling material. See
that it covers the entire sur-
face of the mattress and is
at least one inch thick.

The best solid filled mat-
tresses contain long-fibred
cotton and are for those
who wish a very firm sleep-
ing base. They are also less
expensive than innerspring
mattresses.

Covering for mattresses
should be six or eight-ounce
wool ticking or damask.
Better mattresses have re-
inforced borders, ventilators,
and firmly attached handles
for easy turning.

Most states have a law
that tags on mattresses
must tell what the contents
are what percentage of each
material is present, and
whether the materials are
new or not. Read this label
carefully before making
your selection.

For Long Wear
TURN solid upholstered
mattresses every week
and innerspring mattresses
every two weeks—and over-
end one time and side over
side the next. This will fluff
up the filling and distribute
wear.

Air bed clothes and mat-
tress wear every morning.
Clean mattress once a
month with soft brush or
vacuum cleaner attachment.
Mattress covers are a
good investment for pro-
tection of the ticking.

Doris Denison may be ad-
dressed at The American
Weekly, P. O. Box 91, Grand
Central Annex, New York 17,
N. Y. Send stamped, self-
addressed envelope.

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EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American
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HOUSEHOLD
☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
☐ (22) Easy Laundering
☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
☐ (26) Streamline Closets
☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
☐ (29) Dining Room Linens
☐ (30) Sew Right
☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades
☐ (32) Playroom Plans

BEWARE IF GUMS BLEED EVEN A TINY BIT



4 OUT OF 5 can get GINGIVITIS even younger people

To keep your teeth beautiful and healthy—you must have firm
gums. You can't start too early to help guard against trouble.
So don't use a product to merely clean your teeth. Instead, see
your dentist and start at once—use 'double-purpose' Forhan's—
made especially for gum massage and cleaning teeth, too.

This simple Forhan way is famous to curb bleeding gums to
help gums be firmer, with a lovely rosy pinkness. You'll be
delighted the way Forhan's cleans teeth to a radiant natural
brightness. Just notice the difference in the way your gums and
teeth feel and look.

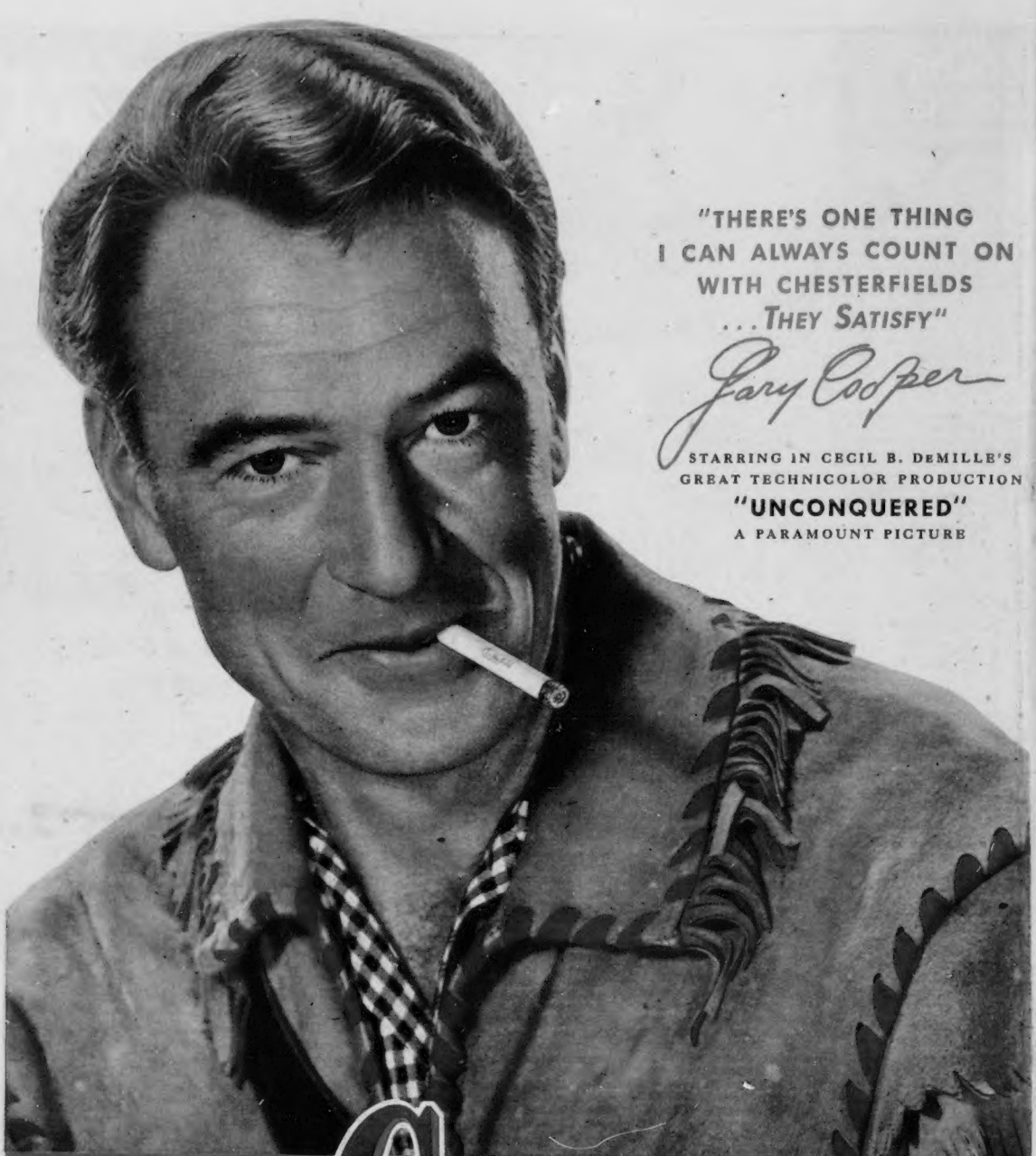
No other dentifrice contains the Forhan formula. No other
paste, powder or liquid has it! Yet Forhan's costs no more.
Let your whole family enjoy its EXTRA 'double-purpose' benefits.

Bleeding Gums Can Mean Gingivitis
Never neglect bleeding gums. This is often
the first sign of Gingivitis—a common gum
inflammation, which neglected, often leads to
horrible Pyorrhea. Only your dentist can help
Pyorrhea. See him. Then at home start at once
and use 'double-purpose' Forhan's.

Use 'double-purpose'
Forhan's
For Cleaner Teeth and Gum Massage

**Delicious . . . with Genuine
New England Flavor**
Mealy, tender, wonderfully better flavored. Actually
baked (not steamed) with pork
and spicy sauces, all day long
... "Down East" in Portland,
Maine, Burnham & Morrill
Company.





"THERE'S ONE THING
I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON
WITH CHESTERFIELDS
... THEY SATISFY"

Gary Cooper

STARRING IN CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
GREAT TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION

"UNCONQUERED"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD



A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING *ABC*
RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS